

THE CANADIAN FORUM



Twenty-Sixth Year of Issue

May, 1946

Labor Learns the Truth

F. R. SCOTT



Canada Calling

International Broadcasting by the CBC

EARLE BIRNEY



Should We Feed Germany?

JESSIE BALLANTYNE



The Arts In Canada

BLODWEN DAVIES



Fight for the Airwaves:
Round I.

R. B. TOLBRIDGE

The Shitepoke Laughed at Me
(Short Story)

GILBERT BYRON

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ARE YOU WONDERING WHY

this country didn't realize during the 30's that it was capable of the rates of production reached during the war?



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The cat-o-nine-tails: business methods and devices or The corporations whip up an economy.

What we don't know is likely to hurt us or Sweet are the uses of public relations.

The time is 11:59—if we are interested in full employment or Business in government is serving whom, and how?

The corporation without a country: the cartel in a democracy or The world is its oyster. It shall not want.

The public yawns and stretches or Some hopes for the future.

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O CANADA

T. L. Church, (Prog. Com., Toronto-Broadview): "From time immemorial we have been a Dominion. We are part and parcel of the British Empire. There is no reason why this bill should be introduced. If the bill passes, all history books will have to be changed. . . . When the vote was announced, Mr. Church shouted across the floor: 'It will still be called Dominion Day in Ontario.'"

(Toronto Daily Star)

Another DVA staff head, who as personnel official sees scores of veterans seeking work every week . . . said he did not like to see veterans digging ditches or sweeping streets in the King's uniform. The army officer disagreed here. "That's good honest work," he said, "and as the veteran has no other old clothes, it's rather to his credit that he is wearing his uniform, although I would prefer to see it dyed. The other day I was rather startled to see a man on a garbage truck in army uniform with the Engineers' badge. I can go for that, however, because he probably had no other suit to wear, and he was proud of the Engineers."

(Globe and Mail)

The Governor-General-Designate has driven many trains before, but none so large or powerful as No. 6012, which can pull 100 freight cars or 18 steel passenger coaches at a 100-mile-an-hour clip. . . . Six-year-old Brian, after hearing his father tell about the locomotive, decided he wanted to inspect it, too. So immediately after the Mayor of Riviere du Loup delivered his formal address in French, the entire family hurried along the platform to the locomotive.

(Globe and Mail)

I should like also to join in the tributes to the late Senator Duncan Marshall. . . . The late senator . . . made what I—then a young man—thought was a good speech. I still think it was. One passage stands out in my memory. He was criticizing the educational system, and said he had noticed in our school primers such sentences as "This is a cat," "This is a fat cat," and he contrasted them with the sentences in the school books of Belgium, "This is a horse," "This is a good horse." These appealed to him strongly as being more appropriate, and he urged that our farm boys should be told something about horses rather than cats.

(Hon. John J. Kinley in the Senate, Mar 27, 1946)

He (Gordon Graydon, M.P.) thought world government would be a "great" thing, but it should come slowly and not be thrust upon a world not quite ready for that step. It was a great idea and should be kept in mind.

(Canadian Press report of House of Commons debate)

The Labor Press of Canada and the United States is filled with material which cannot but convince some of its readers that businessmen as a class are just plain unadulterated crooks. Yet to what extent does business set out to correct this wrong thinking?

(Canadian Broadcaster)

Sir Stafford Cripps . . . says quite bluntly that we must pay for our imports by exports, and that the British woman shall be clothed and leave it to her foreign sisters to be dressed. . . . They are very, very angry. How can they explain to monkish Sir Stafford . . . that there are moments in a woman's life when she simply must buy not only a new hat but one that is tiny, ridiculous, and of no service whatever in protecting her head from rain or sun?

(Beverly Baxter in Maclean's Magazine)

Arthur Phelps has thrown down the gauntlet. He has taunted not just radio, both public and private, but he has condemned the church and impeached business; he has indicted the government. If public opinion permits Mr. Phelps to go on his negative and destructive way, slowly but surely everything Mr. Phelps criticizes will be eliminated—except Mr. Phelps.

(Canadian Broadcaster)

Toward the end of this week the market quietly and unobtrusively crept forward very much like a wounded bird that had suffered a severe blow. This decidedly strong undertone indicated that despite troubles on the labor front and international complications, the real sentiment of Canadian and American people continued bullish. Since recent selling, once it got under way, was for the most part inspired by a desire to realize profits, rather than to preserve capital or limit losses, I find this fact most significant.

(Kellard Gamble in A Special Message to clients of K. V. Gamble & Company)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Gladys M. Coke, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Toronto, Ontario, May, 1946

UNO Troubles

The League of Nations has been winding up its affairs and disposing of its assets. Statesmen presiding over this event are reputed to have reminisced over the fair hopes which floated the League into existence, contrasting them with the cynicism which currently envelopes the operations of the League's successor. They are also reputed to have expressed their preference for cynicism. Presumably they spoke as men experienced in these matters. We agree with them that it is less dangerous to overestimate the barriers to world unity than to underestimate them. Future historians when they consider in retrospect the fortunes of the League and the UNO are not likely to draw any sharp line between them. The atmosphere is gloomier, the constitution has had its face lifted, the end in view becomes a little plainer, its distance from us more formidable. Of the alternatives, the most significant may prove to be the provision which sets up a U.N. military general staff, at present drafting plans for a world police force of which more may be heard. The shift of headquarters to New England follows the shift of power, military and economic, from Europe to North America.

Meanwhile the world needs some surcease from arms to re-learn the art of argument (verbal) and table pounding (with fists) and spitting in an opponent's face (instead of shooting him up) and intensive lobbying (for votes) and compromise (reluctant.) We are not aware of any other arts whereby peace can be substituted for war, and the democratic process nourished and sustained. The U.N. Council has already begun to operate on these lines. We hope the arguments get louder, the compromises more frequent, the face-saving more blatant. There are deep differences of ideology, and sharp clashes of material interest, not only between Russia versus the west, but between socialists versus capitalists, Europe versus America, Britain versus Asia—but why go on? Currently, the U.N. is faced with an "Iran issue." Tomorrow it may be Spain, or the Dardanelles or Tunisia or the Rhineland. Russia is going to remain a headache to the west for a long time. The west is going to remain a phobia to Russia. But our nerves just now are in bad shape. Mr. Gromyko has only to "take a walk" out of the U.N. Council to set all democrats and socialists muttering darkly over fundamental cleavages of philosophy and purpose. There is a touching hysteria in this attitude of ours. The world needs a rest after six years of conflict, and a large part of it needs to eat. When it has eaten, the arguments will get ever louder, and the "big three" will not always have the last word.

The Population Question

Last year, according to the statisticians, Canada's population reached twelve million. Now that peace has returned, all our tub-thumpers are at it again, shouting for a big immigration policy to make us all wealthy and happy. (None of them seem to suggest that we should do anything for the displaced Jews in Europe, the social group who have suffered most terribly from the demonic furies of our time.) But our past history shows that we have been unable to hold the population increases which come from immigration and

from the natural excess of births over deaths. In the forty years of this century, 1901-1941, total immigration into Canada was 4,300,000; but the emigration from the country in the same period amounted to 3,643,000, mostly to the United States. The emigrants we lost to the States were chiefly native-born Canadians upon whose early upbringing and education we had spent large sums; we substituted for them new arrivals, many of whom knew little about the Canadian way of life. It is not altogether pure national selfishness which makes one doubt whether a large-scale repetition of this process over the next generation is really the best national policy that we could work out. If technological changes result in new methods of producing goods and services which Canada can sell profitably to the rest of the world, the whole picture will be changed. In the meantime the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has been calculating that, if Canadian fertility and mortality rates continue to decline as they have been doing in the recent past, and if no large-scale immigration comes in, we shall have a population by 1971 of 14,606,000, and by about 1990 we shall reach our maximum of 15,000,000. This population will presumably concentrate itself more and more in the St. Lawrence valley (Ontario and Quebec) and in British Columbia. And, since Quebec's rate of increase is declining along with that of the other provinces, the nightmare which keeps good Ontario Orangemen awake at nights does not seem likely to come true in real life: the population of the two provinces will end up by becoming approximately equal.

Orderly Retreat

The "orderly retreat" from price controls, predicted a few weeks ago in informed dispatches from Ottawa to the Liberal and financial newspapers, is now well under way. Indeed, scarcely had the Burtons and the Brackens begun their concerted hog-calling for a march back to normalcy than the head of the column began to pass the reviewing stand—in quick step. First came the boost of \$5 a ton on steel and an eight per cent jump in lumber, with soothing assurances that resultant rises in steel-content consumer goods would be "only" from one to five per cent, but followed immediately by 16 to 25 per cent lifts in upholstered furniture and bedding prices.

The farmer was given (or was he?) a four cents rise on creamery butter and two-and-a-quarter cents on pork; but, said the *Globe and Mail*, the government was "maintaining present price ceilings on farm machinery." Within two weeks the Prices Board announced a twelve-and-a-half per cent increase in farm machinery prices. This drew protests from western farmers—and from Mr. Bracken, who had been shouting for the swift lifting of controls—but from the president of Massey-Harris the calm statement that the manufacturers had asked for more than double that. "It is in no way sufficient to cover our increased and increasing manufacturing costs," said Mr. Duncan. "We recognize, however, if inflationary tendencies are to be controlled, every strata (sic) of the community must be prepared to make sacrifices"—a hint, no doubt, to any workers who might be thinking of pay increases.

Two days later, the government announced the abolition of price ceilings on a long list of items from electric bulbs

and wiring to wax polishes and thumb tacks (but not, thank heaven, on golf balls). Shirts are still short—and high. As one retailer remarked, injudiciously: "It seems the manufacturers can make more money out of women's cotton dresses than out of shirts, and are doing so to some extent." But the Prices Board admitted as much, more sententiously. "Shirt Prospects Grim Even With Prices Up," headlined the *Globe and Mail*.

As any housewife can tell you, living costs are rising at a fast clip, with the Bureau of Statistics' famous index lagging far behind. Labor is preparing to do something about it. As for the small salaried man and his wife, they have no recourse but a buyer's strike. But John Q., being a meek man, can probably be counted on to take it lying down.

Empty Session

The 1946 session of the Ontario Legislature has come and gone. The Premier boasted of the businesslike way his government had conducted the business, but his idea of efficiency is not ours. The government presented 112 bills, most of them of little importance, but 31 of them were presented in the last week. Bills were up for second reading the very minute they were printed, thus making proper consideration by members impossible. During the last week, members sat from 2 p.m. to any time of the night and it was quite obvious that the House was to be sent home in a hurry, in spite of all the protests of the opposition. This is not the way to handle the business of a great province—in five weeks of headlong rush.

Apart from the Liquor Bill, there was little or no important legislation at this crucial time. The province has taken no responsibility for housing, labor relations or any other of our major problems. True, municipalities can now set up housing authorities to buy land and go in for housing projects, but their money by-laws are not likely to make this very effective. Local Conservation Authorities may now also be established by co-operation of local authorities for water control in watershed areas, which is a good thing if anything is done about it, but as the one great contribution of the Department of Planning and Development it is not impressive.

New departments have been set up for travel and publicity, and for reform institutions. The latter is important, but the appointment of Mr. Dunbar as minister is not very hopeful! The rest of the government's bills were in the nature of tidying up legislation; some good—such as the possibility of further assistance to marketing co-operatives and a slight extension of the work of the compensation board—and some bad, like the abolishment of special penalties for those who do not get proper treatment for venereal diseases—but none of it really tackled the problems with which our people are faced.

Having no solution of their own, the Conservative members solidly and consistently voted down all opposition proposals (except a couple of minor amendments). Money-bills can, of course, be presented only by the government, but the CCF group in the House nevertheless brought forward some good proposals on housing, health, labor, marketing, etc., and an amendment to the Liquor Bill to force postponement of all building alterations over \$100 in licensing premises for 18 months. All these were contemptuously and summarily rejected by the government and its docile followers. The Liquor Bill then is the government's one major contribution. Yet even that will not solve, but only intensify, the social problems involved in our present system of distribution. It

will do little or nothing for the man who wants moderate refreshment, at a moderate price, in decent surroundings. And the people of the province are left to wonder why the liquor interests receive so much consideration from a government that leaves everybody else out in the cold.

Those Bottlenecks

In another of his amazing addresses, delivered recently before the Toronto Canadian Club, Hon. Clarence Decatur Howe drew what the *Globe and Mail* called "an alarming picture of a drastic housing shortage in Canada"—just as though it were news. Not long ago Mr. Howe was telling the House of Commons that he was "alarmed" by the swift pace of reconversion, and defending the government's housing "program" by pointing out that during 1945 ten thousand more dwelling units had been completed than in 1929. Now he admits that the immediate shortage is "at least" 150,000 houses. The familiar goat, shortage of materials, was again dragged out; but the only solution Mr. Howe could advance was a pathetic faith in pre-fabricated houses and a half-pleading, half warning pass in the direction of material producers to the effect that "operation of building material industries under forced draft will mean the difference between the success or failure of the program this year."

To help producers to "force the draft," he promised that "methods used to stimulate expansion of war plants will be made available, where necessary, to eliminate materials bottlenecks." This means, apparently, that the government will underwrite plant expansion, which, says the *Globe and Mail* is exactly what it proposed some time ago, pointing out that "it would be impossible to expect manufacturers greatly to expand their capacity in order to meet a short-term demand"—even when it amounts to a national emergency. So, by holding out, it seems that the materials manufacturers are going to get what they want, after all.

The one sensible way to deal with the materials shortage is that suggested by P. A. Deacon, chairman of the Royal Architectural Institute's committee on housing and reconstruction. "Instead of dodging the issue and hoping for some miracle to relieve them of responsibility," said Mr. Deacon, "the government should earnestly seek a solution by organizing the production of materials for housing just as it organized the production of materials for tanks, planes and ships during the war"—that is, through Crown companies. But that, of course, would be to flout the sacred cow, Private Enterprise, which must not be done, even when she goes dry.

Whose Subjects Are We?

One had to expect, of course, that even so sensible and overdue a measure as the Canadian Citizenship Bill would be made the occasion for a resuscitation, more or less violent, of those racial and sectional feelings which have always kept Canada from becoming in any genuine sense a nation. If a quarter of the zeal expended by our imperialists in asserting the immaculately "British" character of Canadian nationality had been devoted to making Canada a better country to live in, we might have more reason for pride in calling ourselves Canadians and in flying a national flag.

As it is, with so many vital matters pressing for constructive action, the ordinary inhabitant of "this Canada of ours," whether of British, French or other descent, is likely to regard as rather academic all the heated controversy over whether or not we are "subjects" of King George, and whether or not we are a "dominion." He is likely to be so

conscious of his very real subjection to the industrial overlords whose dominion extends from sea to sea that he won't worry unduly about the comparatively mild rule of Canada's nominal King.

In these circumstances, it is scarcely much of an achievement for our parliament to have slipped across, with a sort of sly triumph, a bill changing the name of our national holiday to Canada Day. It seems rather small potatoes in the face, for instance, of a housing shortage which is leaving thousands of our ex-service men without foothold or headrest in the nation they risked their lives to defend.

Labor Learns the Truth

J. R. Scott

► EARLY IN APRIL the two Labor Congresses presented their annual list of legislative demands to the Liberal Government at Ottawa. This was only ten months after a federal election during which the Liberal Party, stealing a CCF slogan, was asking the voters to "Help Us Build a New Social Order," and was promising full employment and various forms of social security along the lines now being requested by the spokesmen of labor. Since a large part of the labor vote, responding to the election appeal, had obviously supported Mr. King, it would be an occasion on which some show of governmental gratitude, if not of actual concern for the welfare of labor, might have been expected.

What happened was very different. On April 4 the press reported that Mr. Ilsley administered a sharp rebuke to the Trades and Labor Congress for its excessive requests—a rebuke all the more unkind as this body had aided the Liberals by refusing to follow the example of the Canadian Congress of Labor in endorsing the CCF. He used toward the delegates the banker's language of the 1930's. Some of the recommendations, he said, would involve "great governmental expenditures," and "we must prove capable of balancing our budgets during the years of peace," though in some years this might not be possible. The plea for reduced taxation throughout the country had to be met, he pointed out. Hence there was nothing in the argument that we could use the wartime spending scale as a basis for rebuilding the peace. "Continued deficits would destroy the value of the bonds which you hold and the wages which you earn." (Just how it is that Canada has had "continued deficits" since 1930 and still is not bankrupt was not explained.) The general impression left by his lecture was one of "no money," "sound finance," and retrenchment. Commenting on the episode *The Montreal Star* gleefully rubbed its multi-millionaire hands and exclaimed that this "constitutes a completely adequate reason why all recommendations for reckless expenditures over and above Canada's already colossal commitments for social security schemes should be set aside as outside the range of practical politics."

This disposed of the Trades and Labor Congress. The following day, by a coincidence which cannot have been accidental, Mr. King himself issued a warning, in his most moralizing manner, to Mr. Mosher and the Canadian Congress of Labor. The fault of the latter seemed to be not in asking too much, but in failing to show that deference which is expected of workingmen when addressing their superiors. The CCL had dared to say that the government had "made no plans to permit of an orderly transition from war to peace," and had "let economic conditions drift from bad to worse until another depression has occurred." Mr. Conroy even went so far as to refer to the promised "new social order." This realistic language was altogether too strong for

Mr. King's make-believe world. It seemed to show a lack of faith in Liberal promises. Moreover it had not the tone that is going to be expected of labor in the postwar years. Not demands and criticism, but humble requests, will apparently be in order. "If that is what you have to say to me, then I have nothing further to say to you," said Mr. King, pointing to Mr. Mosher. "Here is where you and I part company." The Congress submission, he added, should be called the "complaints" of the CCL rather than representations. "If you come to this government again, and I am still the head of it, I hope you will consider what I have to say about the method of representation."

So Schoolmaster King calls the little boys to order, and Monitor Ilsley says times are hard and there won't be any more pocket money. Psychologically the stage is being set for a return to the scarcity economy which is daily being revealed as the inevitable outcome of the Liberal Party's "free enterprise" policy. Labor is now being "softened up" for the grimmer days ahead. On the industrial front take-home pay is being reduced by shorter hours, the swollen ranks of the unemployed are threatening trade union strength, and even the ancient strike-breaking weapon of the labor injunction is being used, as during the National Breweries case in Montreal. The government, expressing in parliament the wishes of big business, is now openly talking the language of big business, and revealing its fundamentally anti-labor position. Decent Liberals may dislike it, but there is nothing they can do about it while they stay with the party and its policy.

Behind this astonishingly sudden and bold change of tone on the part of the government toward the spokesmen for half a million Canadian trade-unionists, lies a basic fact that has not existed since 1939. The war is now over. Moreover, North America has been saved for capitalism. Private profit is again undisputed king. High wages, social security and full employment, which labor seeks, are not necessary for high profits; indeed they would directly interfere with such profits. So the time for flattery of labor has passed. Let the working class get back where it belongs. The conflict between monopoly capitalism and the common



man—who speaks of the “common man” at Ottawa now?—stands revealed in all its nakedness. Mr. King himself helps to take down the pasteboard facade.

In one respect, it must be admitted, the CCL criticism of the government was wrong. It cannot be said that Mr. King, Mr. Howe, Mr. Ilsley & Co. have not a very carefully thought-out plan for the transition from war to peace. Their plan was, first and foremost, to prevent the CCF from gaining power and starting Canada along the road to an economy planned for abundance and social security. Their plan was to make sure that the second World War did not destroy the system of “private enterprise” which so handsomely rewards the friends of the Liberal Party. As Canadians come to analyze more closely than they have yet done the manner in which Canada’s economic war effort was conducted, they will realize how skillfully the plan was carried out from the very first day of the war. Almost the first move was to repeal the 5% limit on profits which Parliament had imposed in 1939. It cannot be too often repeated, because the same men control Canada today, that Canadian capitalists refused to accept 5% as a sufficient inducement to fight Nazism in 1939. They went on strike for big money then, as they are on strike for big profits now, and they got it. What they seemed to be losing in Excess Profits Tax they took back in special depreciations. The bigger the corporation, the bigger the gains. Monopoly has been strengthened, not weakened, by the war. Now War Assets Corporation is making sure that what the people of Canada built and bought with their sweat and savings will pass, if it has any value, into the hands of the preferred list of applicants. Some Canadian indebtedness abroad has been liquidated, but all our gifts to Britain did not buy back the CPR. The Liberal Party railroaded through a whitewash report on the Aluminum deal, though an American court has since found the company guilty of violating American law, and the potential 2,000,000 horsepower at Shipshaw, built by Canadians and paid for by public money, lies at the disposal of a few Pittsburgh financiers. Canada’s economic war effort was large, but to save a vicious economic system the public has had to pay and is still paying a huge and unnecessary price.

The Liberals have a plan also for housing, so desperately needed by Canadian workers. This plan is designed to make sure that insurance companies still have a profitable outlet for their enormous investments and that private enterprise is not interfered with. The supplying of houses is secondary. Hence low cost housing is just not going to get built at all, though it is the most needed. Hence interest rates on housing loans must be kept high. Hence insurance companies must actually be encouraged to become builders of houses. Not even the most crackpot professor of economics in his wildest moments could have evolved a more fantastic housing plan than that to which we are committed in order to save private enterprise. But it is our national plan.

Yes, the Liberal Government has a plan, and it is now becoming plain even to people who voted Liberal. The CCF tried to warn that it was coming, but it had not the resources, nor the Canadian electorate the experience, to clear away the confusion deliberately spread by Trestrail, Gladstone Murray and other well-paid salesmen for the big interests. The Liberal party shrewdly played up the war effort (except the profits being made) as though it were the personal achievement of Mr. King, and flooded the country with election leaflets which almost seemed to come from the CCF presses. It had the backing of the LPP, always more afraid of democratic socialism than of capitalism, since the latter will fail and the former will not. Now the whole scheme is

becoming clear, and the Canadian public is going to pay the cost in having to go without the things it was promised. As usual, Canadian Labor is in the front line, and gets the first rude shock. Mr. King hopes labor will accept his plan for Canada quietly, and not raise any fuss or bother when it finds peace does not mean what he told them it would mean.

In one other respect too the demands of the Labor Congresses were perhaps not rightly phrased. They did ask for very expensive social services, and at the same time for a lowering of taxation. Under capitalism there is a definite limit to that procedure. Capitalism does not exist to provide social security. It exists to provide profits, and if profits are taxed too heavily, capitalists will go on strike and not produce. “My problem is,” said Mr. Ilsley quite correctly, “how to increase expenditures enormously and at the same time to reduce taxation.” He said he did not know how to do this. This means Mr. Ilsley cannot solve his own problem. Nor can any free enterprise finance minister. Labor must realize that, and not ask for the impossible. But a socialist finance minister would have other sources of revenue not available to Mr. Ilsley. He would have the profits from monopoly enterprises which would be brought under public ownership. He would know how to use the new technique of deficit financing which Mr. Ilsley once seemed to believe in. He would also have the higher yield of taxation resulting from the full employment which Mr. Ilsley’s policy can never attain, and which national planning could. Sweden, for example, gets large profits from its tobacco monopoly which go to old age pensions. Our tobacco profits, also large, go to private shareholders and only a fraction comes back in income tax. The huge private profits made in Canada out of what are essentially public enterprises should be appropriated, through federal and provincial ownership, to the national welfare. Let labor, and other Canadians who would like more social security, ponder these facts. In time they will want to replace Mr. Ilsley, who cannot solve his problem, with a finance minister backed by a government who can.

U-E Day for Sidney Keyes

Far from his desert death, his red-rock grave,
The living massed their streets in celebrating
Fictional triumph over a newsprint foe.
They jiggled to metal music with mad pretending
To drown from sight the spectral shapes they feared.
And none could hear the bell that kept on tolling
Or see the monster birds on broken towers;
The blood-eyed birds who watched the frantic dancers.

Far from his vast, uncrying solitude,
The makers swayed in maudlin jubilation
And strangers coupled close to share unreason.
Yet none could say the thing that should be said.
And none knew he embraced a leprous lover
Or breached the charnel stench of flesh decaying.
None saw the grated tomb that mocked love’s shelter.

Far from his brittle bed, his shadeless barrow,
The living marched in awful imitation
Of those whose victory would never come.
Their bonfires blazed at crossings and scorched the night
And rockets rose in instant cathedral arches.
Yet the word was never spoken by any tongue;
And no ear heard the bell that kept on tolling;
And no one saw the monster, blood-eyed birds.

Donald Stewart.

Canada Calling

Earle Birney

PART I.

► THE ORDINARY CITIZEN is inevitably somewhat in the dark about the radio programs which his own country transmits to other countries. Material is "beamed" by shortwave in such a way that even a good shortwave receiving set in the sending country (if it is not in the beam) cannot normally be relied on to pick up the programs. This is not a sinister stratagem to prevent the public knowing what its own radio is saying abroad, but a result of shortwave technique itself.

In Canadian practice this technique consists of setting up the transmission equipment at the most eastern location which is feasible from an engineering standpoint and concentrating the radio waves in a thirty-five degree arc or "beam" directed at the receiving country (instead of sending waves equally in all directions as an ordinary broadcasting station does). This beam hits the ionosphere at a height of about 150 miles somewhere over the Atlantic, bounces on to the mid-Atlantic, up again to the ionized air-layer of the stratosphere, and down again in an arc wide enough to be heard virtually anywhere in Europe. The beam continues to bound and to fan out but in the one-seventh second that it takes to travel round the world to Canada again, most of the energy has been dissipated or absorbed and any Canadian shortwave enthusiast who happens to pick up his own shortwave station is more likely to be listening to freakish "backwash" at the time of the original beaming than to waves which have ricocheted around the world. In any case, he will find reception normally so poor and fitful as to be not worth the time and effort.

In the absence of a national radio magazine to inform them about their own international radio service, Canadians must therefore have recourse to the occasional and generally meagre items in the public press. It is true that a number of programs on the domestic networks are also relayed to Canadian troops overseas with a comment to that effect in the national program, but it would be quite wrong for the Canadian listener to assume that the Johnny Home show or Mart Kenny's orchestra represent a cross-section of the CBC's International Service. The first effective account of what that service is attempting to do was given in a special half-hour domestic program prepared by the International Service itself on the 25th of February last in celebration of its first completed year. The present article is intended as a factual supplement to that program. No attempt will be made to discuss the political or philosophical aspects of international broadcasting; the intention is to make available to citizens some account of what, in the final analysis, they themselves are doing to make Canada known to radio listeners abroad and to influence their attitude toward her. It seems superfluous to underline the importance of the subject; Canada's international shortwave service is the principal method by which we speak as a nation to the average citizens of other countries in their own languages. In respect of several countries of Europe at the moment, it is virtually this nation's only means of communication.

The opening chapter in the story of the CBC's International Service concerns a first-rate technical achievement by Canadian engineers. Studies were begun in 1934 by the CBC and a proposal made in 1937 and accepted by the Federal Government for a shortwave service to be administered by the Corporation and financed from the Dominion

budget. Time was pressing, if Canada were to retain the shortwave bands allotted to her by international agreement, but a site for the station had to be selected with great caution to overcome the peculiar difficulties of shortwave transmission from Canada. A spot had to be chosen far enough east to protect the beam from absorption or distortion by the North Magnetic Pole, which lies in Canadian territory on Boothia Peninsula, and is the chief villain for radio engineers in this country. It was preferable also, from the standpoint of economy, to choose land already owned by the CBC. In addition the soil and the site had to fulfill certain specifications of a technical nature to ensure proper transmission. Eventually the salt marshes of the Tantramar River near Sackville were found to meet all the conditions, and plans for constructing a broadcasting unit there were submitted in 1938 on the basis of the latest developments in radio science.

It was not until September 18, 1942, however, that the creation of an international service was formally authorized by the Canadian Government and funds provided (Order-in-Council P.C. 8168). Wartime shortages of equipment made it look as if immediate construction would be impossible, but thanks to priority controls and the ingenuity of CBC craftsmen, actual construction was begun in early 1944 and completed in time for an initial test broadcast on December 19 of that year. All this involved the erection at Tantramar of two fifty-thousand watt transmitters, four steel towers (the highest nearly 400 feet) carrying huge curtains of antennae, and a transmitter building of a functional design markedly superior to what usually passes for public architecture in Canada. In addition, studios and program offices had to be set up in Montreal, and six hundred miles of specially balanced telephone line leased to carry the programs from their point of origin on Crescent Street to the transmitting mechanisms near Sackville.

The first test transmission was followed by a cable from the BBC to the effect that the new voice of Canada was the strongest to be heard in Europe from any point in North America. As the months have passed, the power and clarity of this signal have, if anything, increased although one rival of almost equal strength has sprung up among our hemispheric neighbors. The broadcasting area has gradually been extended to include the West Indies, Central and South America, where test programs are heard with equal strength. Letters continue to be received from listeners in such widely separated countries as Austria, Chile, Sweden, Brazil, saying that Radio Canada is heard "almost as strong as the local station," and test broadcasts have been heard in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.*

Regular daily programs were begun on February 25, 1945, in four languages: English, French, German and Czechoslovak. Programs were added in June in the Dutch language and in July, on a test basis, in Portuguese and Spanish to Latin America. Plans are under way to organize sections in Flemish and in the Scandinavian languages. Meanwhile, special occasion programs have been beamed to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Luxembourg, Yugoslavia, Greece, Poland, the USSR, Palestine, Egypt, China, Australia, Chile, Brazil, Mexico and the USA.

The order of preference in selecting countries for regular broadcasts is determined in collaboration with the Department of External Affairs, which is the final authority for any matters involving Canadian Foreign Policy. Formal direc-

*Extract from a letter from Punta Arfenas, Straits of Magellan, Chile: "... The reception here is much stronger than the BBC, twice as strong as any shortwave station in the USA, and stronger than the local longwave transmitter."

tion is through the joint CBC-Government Advisory Committee, which is made up of representatives of the CBC, the Canadian Information Service, and the Departments of External Affairs, National Defense, and Trade and Commerce.

It was felt that the first duty of the new service was to supply our overseas troops with news from home and with their favorite English and French programs from the domestic networks. Programs to the United Kingdom and France were naturally developed simultaneously. Other countries were added and will continue to be added according to a general policy of preference for fellow-members of the United Nations, with the precise selection depending on a number of factors such as the availability of potential radio linguists in Canada, the comparative ease of communication with listeners and radio stations in the countries concerned, the amount of interest which the governments and peoples of those countries show in hearing Canada's voice, and the degree of economic or political importance for Canada in making herself heard by them. In recent months program expansion has been handicapped by lack of office space—at the moment there is literally no room for an extra desk and a new language editor. In addition, because there is five or six hours difference between our time and Europe's, it is not profitable to extend the broadcasting day at Montreal after seven p.m. or to begin it before seven a.m. Since a minimum program is fifteen minutes, and it is desirable to repeat it later on the same day, and since broadcasting in the English and French languages alone takes up six hours of every day, the time element will continue to limit the number of countries served.

An exception to the preferential policy outlined above in respect to choice of countries will have been noticed. Germany was actually one of the first countries to which Canada beamed programs; discs were made in early 1943 under the direction of the Wartime Information Board, and transmitted before the IS was organized, via the shortwave facilities of BBC and of the Office of War Information in New York. In this way Canada shared in the task of wartime broadcasts in the German language, bringing Germans and others in Nazi-occupied territory news and talks designed as a corrective to enemy propaganda. Before VE-Day a team of editors, all German anti-fascist refugees and now Canadian citizens, headed by Helmut Blume, a well-known pianist, had established twice daily broadcasts from Canada directly to Germany. By October, 1945, an additional fifteen-minute program was sent via CBC Radio Vercheres in Quebec, designed to activate the thinking of the thirty-two thousand German prisoners scattered in camps over Canada. Virtually every one of these camps has been visited by the German editors, who carried portable sound equipment, recorded personal messages of prisoners to their relatives, talks, dialogues, dramas and music by prisoner orchestras.

With the departure shortly of the last of these prisoners to the United Kingdom, the Vercheres program will end, but the broadcasts to Germany continue to be of vital importance. The material now is designed in conjunction with the policy decisions of the United Nations for the re-education of Germany in democratic ways of thought and the dissemination of accurate news and information about Canada to a generation of Germans who have still almost everything to learn about the realities of the outside world. Since a good deal of the material broadcast to Germany was also sent into the prisoner camps here, it has been possible, by a close study of their reactions, to get some kind of daily gauge of the effectiveness of our re-education project on the Germans generally. The results, though not astonishing, have been encouraging. With the co-operation of Canadian

Military Intelligence and the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa, it has been possible to develop out of the unrepentant and the apathetic a sufficient number of genuinely anti-Nazi prisoners to form small but potent radio groups in several of the camps. From these groups have come many of the best of the German language programs, which, in turn, have affected the attitudes of other prisoners and no doubt many of their relatives also listening in Germany. A short weekly program has also been developed recently to Austria. Begun as a series of messages and talks from prisoners in Canada of Austrian origin, it has developed into a quarter-hour commentary on international aspects of Canadian news.

(To be continued)

Should We Feed Germany?

Jessie Ballantyne

► THE WORLD FOOD situation is appalling. There are those who say that sixty million people must starve in Europe and Asia between now and the gathering of the next crop. Government leaders have admitted the inadequacy of existing plans to deal with the crisis, and they have announced new and more drastic measures. But since both time and supplies are running short, the awful question arises: Who shall be helped? The retiring director of UNRRA, the British Minister of Food, and a number of others have declared that, whatever else is decided, the enemy should be placed at the bottom of the list. In other words, if sixty million people must starve, let it be sixty million of the enemy. Should this be the solution?

To place the enemy at the bottom of the list will not be a new policy. It is what has been done all along. When, a year ago, the victorious Allies pushed into Germany, they set the civilian ration at 1,250 calories. This was in the British and American zones. In the Russian and French zones people seem to be getting less. 1,250 calories is a starvation diet. The average daily consumption in the United States and in Canada is 3,300 calories; in Great Britain, 2,800 calories. Various international bodies have agreed that 2,500 calories is the minimum standard for working human beings. Medical authorities say that the human system consumes 1,650 calories daily when lying in bed, and that 2,000 calories represent an absolute minimum for the maintenance of health while a man is up and about.

In view of these facts, rations were raised to about 1,500 calories both in the British and American zones toward the end of 1945. However, early in March, sheer lack of supplies forced the ration in the British zone down to the all-time low of 1,000 calories. It will drop even lower unless something is done. It is this threat which has prompted the present article.

The effects of starvation were not long in showing themselves. While all city dwellers soon gave signs of debility, the aged, the sick, and the children were affected most seriously. According to official reports of the American military government, 96% of all infants born in Berlin in July, 1945, died. Think of it. Only four in every hundred babies survived their first month of life. True, the infant mortality rate in Berlin was brought down to 21% by January of this year, but this is still 5½ times higher than the current rate in Great Britain. The total mortality in Berlin had reached a level six times above normal by October, 1945. Since then it has risen even higher.

I have not seen mortality figures for the whole of Germany or for a whole zone, and perhaps none are being compiled.

No doubt conditions are better in rural districts than in Berlin. On the other hand, the sufferings of the many millions expelled from East Prussia, Pomerania, Silesia, and Sudetanland—provinces where their ancestors had lived for at least five hundred years—far exceed even the hardships endured by the urban population in the West. From all accounts the death rate among these wandering hordes was, and still is, appalling. Some brief reports were published in the daily press, and some pictures in the magazine *Life*. For fuller information, the reader is referred to the pitiful account of a German minister, himself a former inmate of a Nazi concentration camp, in *Christianity and Crisis* (October 1, 1945); to the article "Orderly and Humane" in *The Nineteenth Century and After* (November, 1945); and to S. C. Michelfelder's eye-witness report in *The Christian Century* (January 16, 1946).

It may, then, be accepted that food conditions in Germany are very bad. But how do they compare with conditions in other needy countries? Are they sufficiently bad to warrant the allocation of even a moderate amount of relief? The American Quakers answer these questions in a recent pamphlet: "The only countries in Europe as bad off or worse than Germany are Italy, Poland and Yugoslavia." And further: "Former enemies fare the worst in the matter of rationed food supply. The defeated Axis—Germany, Italy, Japan—is at the bottom of the list. Of the three, Germany is the lowest." All the countries mentioned, with the exception of Germany and Japan, receive UNRRA supplies, and these supplies are substantial. In January of this year, for example, UNRRA shipped almost one million tons to the countries in its care. By comparison, practically nothing has been given to Germans so far. The Americans have distributed some wheat in their zone since the first of the year, and the British have imported some herring from Norway and, possibly, some other foods. The Canadian Army in Germany has recently begun to process its kitchen wastes for civilian consumption.

It might be asked why the Germans don't do more to help themselves. There are two reasons. They have not nearly enough land to feed the population, and they have no exports to pay for imported food. When the German farmers were driven from the Eastern provinces last summer and fall, the crops were left rotting in the ground and drying up in fields and on trees. This has made the German food situation desperate; nor has it helped the Poles. The loss of one-fifth of the former German territory, including one-fourth of the agricultural land, makes it utterly impossible for Germany to be self-sufficient in foodstuffs, even at a subsistence level. Before Hitler began his conquests, the German Republic comprised a territory one-half the size of Ontario. Now the area of Germany is about two-fifths that of Ontario, and into this area some 67 million people have been compressed. Ontario has 3¼ million people. No one suggests that Ontario could feed a population of 167 million, which would be the equivalent figure.

Nor can Germany buy food abroad. German coal and industrial products are being sent to other countries without, apparently, there being any imports in return. German scientists and technicians have been deported to work for victor nations. German patents have been taken and foreign assets impounded. Millions of German prisoners labor in Russia, Britain, France, and elsewhere. They will continue to do so for years. All this is needed for reparations, and yet it will probably never make up the damage done by the German armies. Japan is now permitted some imports for cash, but not Germany.

It is precisely because reparations will take everything the Germans may have to offer that help for them must come in the form of charity. It is impossible to argue what might be "owing" to them, or what they should do for themselves. Mr. Churchill once said that the Allies owed nothing to the Germans, and that the post-war treatment of the enemy would be subject only to the demands of the visitors' conscience. This is an exact description of the actual situation. Very little has been given or will be given to Germans by official action, for government authorities have to attend first to the very great need in China, India and France. Meanwhile, the situation in Germany is getting grimmer from day to day. On March 9, J. B. Hynd, a member of the British Cabinet, said that "unless 150,000 tons of food arrive in Germany before the end of March the people's ration will be cut far below the 800 calories daily allowed prisoners in the Belsen horror camp." This food does not seem to have arrived; moreover, the Americans also reduced the ration in their zone to 1,275 calories beginning the first of April, so that all the Germans in the Western zones are now subsisting either on or just above the ration of Belsen.

Will the victors' conscience permit this condition to continue? The Americans have decided that it will not. Nine church and welfare organizations, as well as the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations, have banded together to provide relief for Germany. Late in February they received permission from President Truman to ship 2,000 tons of supplies per month into the U.S. zone of Germany. In Britain, voices were raised even earlier and more insistently than in the United States, protesting that the German children at least must not be left to starve. Liberals like Victor Gollancz, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Bertrand Russell founded Save Europe Now as early as last August. A number of English bishops, recently joined by the Archbishop of Canterbury, have associated themselves with the movement. Unfortunately, Britain is herself so short of food that, of necessity, much goodwill has resulted in little action.

The question therefore is whether Canada could not and should not take the place of the mother country in this matter and do for the British zone what the Americans are doing for theirs. As has been said, rations in the British zone are only two-thirds of those in the American. The need is that much more pressing. To send 2,000 tons every month would not be excessive. The amount is only one-fifth of one percent of what UNRRA sends to the twelve nations for which it is responsible. On a per capita basis, it would be one-thirtieth of what was sent from Canada to Greece beginning in August, 1941. To send one pound to the late enemy for every thirty pounds sent to one's friend, would not be unduly sentimental.

There are 21 million people in the British zone. Two thousand tons would provide three ounces per person per month. It would not increase rations. It might save some children. Yet, small as the amount is in relation to the need, it would take a tremendous and a united effort of all men and organizations of goodwill to provide in Canada as much as the United States, with twelve times the population, has now undertaken to provide. Every reader must decide for himself whether the effort should be made.

If he agrees that charity demands some action in favor of Germany he should also ask that the mails be opened for the sending of private parcels. There are many individuals both here and in the United States who have close relatives

in Germany. During the war they could write them once a month through the International Red Cross. This service was stopped as soon as the Allies marched into Germany. The regular mails have not yet been opened except for un-illustrated postcards and letters weighing not more than one ounce. Hence it is not possible to send parcels even now. Again, private parcels will not change the basic ration to any great extent. But they will be an infinite boon to many individuals, and, more important still, they will carry with them the blessing that goes with giving and receiving a gift. They will re-establish some spiritual bond between victor and vanquished. They will re-educate in the virtues of Christian charity.

The Prime Minister said in the House of Commons last November: "I have been very deeply impressed by the conditions in Europe and particularly in Germany, where I think a large part of the population will certainly face starvation and very large numbers will die in the course of the coming winter. Transportation facilities are bad and fuel is scarce. It would be impossible to exaggerate what Central Europe is facing."

The Prime Minister is a cautious man. Yet he said it would be impossible to exaggerate. This article has not exaggerated; it has understated the case. Much of the Prime Minister's prediction has already come true. Very large numbers have died. Should not some, at least, of the survivors be saved?

And is it possible to expect hunger-crazed masses to have sufficient calmness of vision, tolerance and political wisdom to engage in the slow and arduous task of building a democracy on the skeletons of their brethren? Does not shrewd self-interest as much as common human decency demand that we do something about it — we who have food in abundance and need not face the terrors of death-haunted ruins? Is it not time now to gain friends even amongst our former enemies so that we can raise strong men of confidence and moral integrity among them to help us strengthen the bonds of a united world in a true peace?

It seems to the writer that democracy without food, administered at high pressure to politically unstable masses, is more likely to produce the opposite effect of what is intended. Hell and hunger do not make good pedagogues, however much we may be moved by the urge of revenge and punishment to placate our conscience. All the teachings of psychology and Christianity are against such a policy. Delay would be criminal now when, as Gibbon once said: "Nothing but time is needed for a world to perish."

INDIA TODAY

An Introduction to Indian Politics

By RALEIGH PARKIN

"A splendid source book, the perfect basis for the formation of opinion on one of the world's most controversial questions. Covers the whole subject with precision, presents all points of view, has an admirable bibliography and a series of appendices that include every modern important state paper on the subject."—*Montreal Gazette*. \$4.00

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Quickening of the Arts in Canada

Blodwen Davies

► A MEETING in the Art Gallery of Toronto in February, 1944, may some day pass into our folklore. Representative groups had been called to discuss postwar plans. Canadians are easy-going folks, and so, perhaps misled by our apparent lethargy, a few New Canadians who had assumed leadership of the meeting were a little heavy-handed in their tactics. Slow-to-anger Canadian artists of all branches of the arts and crafts left the meeting a wiser and an awakened lot. It was then the miracle began to take shape.

Never before in our history have all the arts found common ground on a national scale; each group was split several ways over philosophy and techniques. Plans and aspirations for postwar developments cropped up everywhere but we lacked the catalytic spirit to precipitate them into a co-ordinated objective. Yet in four months time, following the February meeting, representatives of sixteen nationally organized societies of creative workers arrived in Ottawa with a brief for the Special Committee on Reconstruction and Re-establishment; a brief that drew out the largest attendance of the Committee in three years and the comment of the chairman that it was unique in many ways and deserving of the highest commendation.

The four months work was done under the leadership of Elizabeth Wyn Wood, who led off with an article in *Canadian Art* on a National Plan for the Arts, and by Ernest Fosbery who, as president of the Royal Canadian Academy, sponsored the activities of the brief committee. Only those at close quarters realize the energy and will that went into the rounding up of preliminary briefs from sixteen groups and the co-ordinating of the aggregate of opinions into an over-all brief to represent the synthesis of cultural opinion.

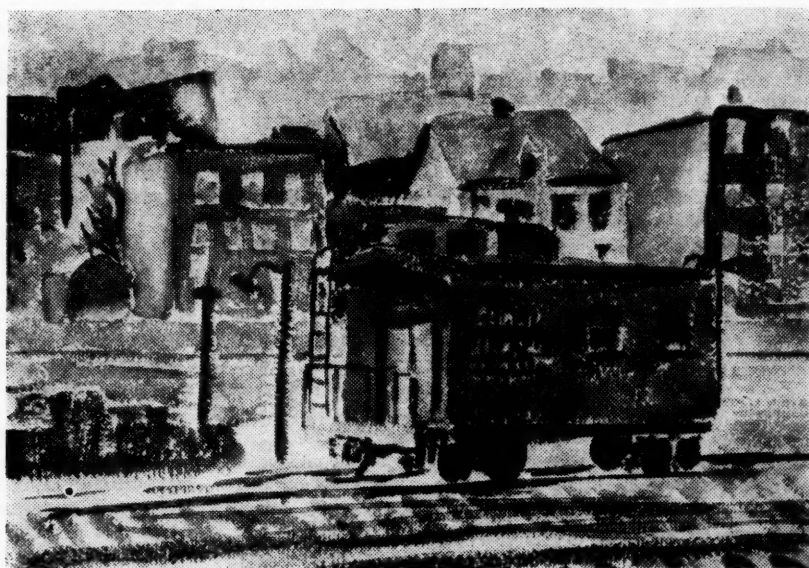
The brief presented, the group bided its time. But now, politically conscious, the members decided to make the brief committee over into the Arts Reconstruction Committee awaiting further developments. By December, 1945, the temporary executive had evolved into the Canadian Arts Council, with Herman Voaden as president. The importance of the developments in two years time cannot be over-estimated in the history of cultural development in this country. The government has repeatedly expressed the idea that it was waiting for some unified expression of professional opinion before making any move toward recognizing the arts in Canada. The urgent need for a government body to co-ordinate cultural affairs has been recognized, but the emergence of the Canadian Arts Council now leaves the administration no reasonable excuse for delaying the establishment of what the 1944 brief outlined as a National Arts Board.

The brief, which can be obtained from the King's Printer for ten cents, should be in the hands of any Canadian aware of our cultural problems. Its outline of community centres and a nationally co-ordinated scheme of teaching, exhibits, concert parties, national theatre and so on, is stimulating and even exciting, and above all, practical. The community centre idea is growing by leaps and bounds, but unless leadership such as proposed by the Canadian Arts Council develops, the centres may be lacking in those very cultural developments which would not only promote the unity of the country, but would provide the means for the development of personality. The brief pleads for a more democratic distribution



SUMMER BREEZES (Oil)

Alex Colville



CABOOSE (Watercolor)

John Bishop

COURTESY OF NEW BRUNSWICK MUSEUM ART DEPARTMENT.

throughout the whole nation of those advantages now only available to the large cities. "Millions of people," it reads, "living in Canada have never seen an original work of art, nor attended a symphony concert or a professionally produced play. Millions have opportunities neither for realizing their own talents nor for achievement in the post-educational fields."

The public money that is spent on galleries and concert halls benefits only a small part of the public that provides it. In no country is less support given to the arts than in Canada and what little federal aid is forthcoming is divided among nine government departments. The National Arts Board proposed by the CAC would consist of eleven members, one each from National Art Gallery, National Film Board, CBC Canadian Information Service and the Canadian Library Council and six others representing music, drama, literature, the construction arts, painting and graphic arts, industrial and handcraft arts.

Most significant is the fact that CAC took form just in time to represent the arts in Canada in relation to UNESCO. Elizabeth Wyn Wood heads the CAC committee on foreign relations and will have the timely task of linking CAC, through the Canadian Commission to UNESCO, to our world neighbors. The Canadian delegates to UNESCO took a hearty part in the formation of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization and the reception accorded the new body has been remarkably warm. Under the terms of UNESCO, each country participating is required to set up a Commission to co-operate in the work of cultural collaboration on a planetary scale. CAC is now pressing for an early parliamentary endorsement of UNESCO and the setting up of the Commission.

The preamble of the charter of UNESCO is something that will be recited in little red school houses all over the world, in days to come. It declares that: "Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed . . . a peace based exclusively upon the political and economic agents of governments would not be a peace which would secure the unanimous and sincere support of the peoples of the world . . . the peace must therefore be founded . . . upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind."

CAC will be a clearing house for all the nationally organized societies of creative workers in Canada; the Commission will be the clearing house for all national educational, scientific and cultural groups in relationship to UNESCO; UNESCO will be the clearing house for the exchange between nations of expressions of cultural consciousness, the exchange of libraries, exhibitions, concert and theatrical groups, scholarships, fellowships and every other means of cultural understanding and integration tending toward the "intellectual and moral solidarity" of mankind.

Long ago Lawren Harris said that no nation could appreciate the cultural life of its neighbors until it has achieved the means of understanding through developed creative work of its own. We want the best that any other nation has to offer us, and only the best. We do not want to import mediocrity. An alert interest in our own creative activities in the cultural field will give us the liveliest critical sense, of which we shall stand much in need. We want spontaneity in our arts, not imitativeness, and we want to be in the position, as individuals, of judging and understanding spontaneity so that we can recognize cultural values, at home and abroad. We cannot lure to this country the best of the creative workers in other lands because they will be busily at work in their own environments. The best we can produce in our own country must come from our native workers who will also be busily employed in their own milieu

at local and native problems. But whenever native work, our own or anybody else's, reaches first rate standards it becomes international in its impact, and it is work of this kind that will be the best Canadian ambassador abroad. And it is the kind of ambassador we will welcome from any of our neighbors, one that will travel through the country from community centre to community centre, as much at home at the crossroads as in the metropolitan galleries, an ambassador not oriented entirely to Ottawa. An intelligent reception of such work, in music or handicrafts or any other medium, will raise us in the estimation of our neighbors; and at the same time it will stimulate our own active creativity. We have a new status in the world, but we are not a big power and our chief means of making ourselves adequately felt in the life of the world is through our social and cultural impacts. Like Czechoslovakia, we can distinguish ourselves by the quality of the contribution we make to consolidating mankind on the basis of human values. "When people are creating anything," AE once said, "when they are spending their time, their energy, their money, on this, they take the trouble to think and the levels of life are raised."

The world's crisis is not by any means chiefly political. Men today are at a crisis in evolution. We face mass creativity—creativity in the personal, social, national and international life and all our institutions—or mass psychosis arising out of the frustration of our hopes and aspirations for a better society. Man has creative capacity in an overwhelming degree at the present time, and the plans of the Canadian Arts Council for liberating that energy, which may be constructive in normal channels, and destructive if turned inward into abnormal channels, is closely integrated with our entire peacetime reconstruction problem. Freedom, says Michael Straight, is a condition in which ideas find expression in action. The national plan for the arts, the National Arts Board, the Canadian Arts Council, and the Canadian Commission to co-operate with UNESCO are all matters of primary importance, not alone to their promoters in the professional ranks of cultural workers, but to every last one of us from coast to coast.

Fight for the Ether—Round I.

R. B. Tolbridge

►THE REPORT of the Aird Commission, proposing public ownership, operation and control of radio in Canada, touched off a prolonged struggle between those who favored its principle and the already entrenched interests which now saw in the once-despised "toy" a potential Eldorado.

Popular support for public ownership was mobilized by Graham Spry and Alan Plaunt through the Canadian Radio League; the larger private stations had their Canadian Association of Broadcasters, and individual station interests and many influential sympathizers flocked to the standard of private enterprise. As soon as the Aird Report was made public in 1929 the fight flared up in organizations, in parliament, on the air, and in press and pamphlets, and continued intermittently for three years of government inaction. Its climax came with the parliamentary committee finally appointed in 1932 to consider the Aird Report and make recommendations.

Since the Report was based in principle on the existing British system, the strategy of the private interests called for discrediting the BBC. In 1931 *The Canadian Forum* printed an article by John Murray Gibbon,¹ eminent propagandist

¹John Murray Gibbon: "Radio as a Fine Art"; *The Canadian Forum*, April, 1931.

for Canadian scenery and folksongs, promoter of the Canadian Authors' Association, and publicity representative of the CPR, in which the BBC was pictured as simply an agency "established by the British Government as a means of keeping in its own hands during times of peace a machine for propaganda which would be invaluable in times of war. As no propaganda is necessary at present, it uses this machine for the enlightenment and entertainment of such people as care to listen to it." Mr. Gibbon had been told by "an English friend" that "one hardly ever listened to the BBC unless they had a good program relayed from outside." He himself was all for advertising on the air. "The majority of the men on this continent are absorbed in business and find much to interest them in the advertising pages. One cannot seriously believe that many of the current popular magazines are bought for their editorial contents. When, therefore, anyone on this side of the Atlantic sets out to eliminate advertising from the air, he would deprive more than half the population of what they want, so as to provide intellectual solace for the few." With private ownership and advertising, competition would ensure "a great variety of programs, far greater than is available through the BBC or Continental European systems, and from the nature of things better adapted to the North American mentality." As for talent, it would require a "much larger subsidy" than was allowed for in the Aird Plan. "My estimate of the present annual cost of entertainment produced in Canada and broadcast through Canadian stations (including talent, station time, and transmission charges) is approximately \$2,000,000, while the cost of American entertainment readily accessible to Canadian listeners might be estimated as \$20,000,000," concluded this eminent patron of the arts in Canada.

Mr. Gibbon was all for the "Ashcroft Plan" of two national networks, one owned by the CPR, and the other by the Canadian National Railways with government support. "The privately owned network would probably carry, for the most part, sponsored programs with a reasonable proportion of commercial propaganda. The government network would carry the educational and 'uplift' programs for which the Canadian Radio League is crying. My own conviction is that this other network would certainly need a subsidy, as it would receive only about ten per cent of the listeners reached by the sponsored programs. But it would satisfy those who like to be uplifted, and who are determined to secure this spiritual entertainment at the expense of the taxpayers."

But before the parliamentary committee of 1932, a native Canadian employed by the BBC, with exceptional opportunities for observing its reception by the British people, stoutly defended this public ownership system and produced proof of its acceptability to listeners. In the light of his later career, it is interesting to read what Gladstone Murray had to say in 1932 about publicly owned and operated radio in Britain. He declared:

"The British Broadcasting Corporation from the beginning . . . has assiduously avoided any writing down of the public taste, and I submit that the remarkable and accelerating progress of the Corporation is incontrovertible proof of the rightness of its attitude. . . . The philosophy is simply this, that a public utility of this kind can only succeed in giving the public what it wants by appreciating rather than depreciating its assessment of public taste. . . . You do not set out to give the public what you think they ought to have, but to make the right assessment of public taste. . . . You can co-operate with the better element of the public taste to leaven the whole mass. . . . I believe definitely

that to give the public what it wants you must always be providing something definitely better than most people think the public can digest."

"Is there," asked Mr. Euler, "any substantial demand in England on the part of listeners for a return to the old system privately owned?" "None at all," replied Mr. Murray. "There is absolutely no indication of it. I am sure that they are generally satisfied with the system. Of course, they are healthily dissatisfied with some programs, and that is a good sign."

Another line of attack was to demonstrate the high cost of a public radio system for Canada, and the "saving" to the public of private ownership and operation.

The Aird Commission had estimated the outlay for seven high power and four smaller stations at \$3,225,000, and the annual operating cost at a minimum of \$2,500,000. It proposed to obtain revenue from three sources: listeners' license fees, rental of time for "indirect" advertising, and a subsidy from the federal government. A \$3 license fee from the 300,000 listeners would yield \$900,000 per annum. Initially, it was felt, \$700,000 per annum might be expected from "indirect" advertising. And a subsidy of \$1,000,000 a year for five years was recommended.¹

Drawing on their mathematical fancies, spokesmen for the private stations sought to demonstrate that it would take many times the Aird estimate to provide Canada with the kind of broadcasting service envisaged by the Commission. R. W. Ashcroft, manager of the Gooderham & Worts station, CKGW, in an article in *Saturday Night*, contended that it would cost at least \$15,000,000 a year "to duplicate on a chain of stations across Canada the music and entertainment available without public taxation to the Ontario public alone"—via the United States networks!

When the 1932 parliamentary committee met to consider the Aird Report, the Canadian Association of Broadcasters (representing 37 of Canada's 67 licensed stations) asserted in its brief that the proposed system would entail a capital investment of \$2,665,000—the cost of taking over the existing stations and an item of \$1,053,600 for "goodwill" (1)—and \$295,000 for rehabilitation; and that operating costs would necessitate a license fee of \$5.50—\$6.00 if an additional program service for Quebec were provided.

The notion that a public system might expect revenue of \$700,000 annually from "indirect" advertising was scornfully scouted. Spokesmen for private enterprise all professed a desire to remove undesirable features from advertising on the air and to reduce the length of "commercial plugs" to a minimum. But all agreed emphatically that no advertiser would be content with merely "indirect" advertising as defined by the Aird Commission—that is, simple mention of the sponsor's name and product before and after the program. As a matter of fact, existing regulations forbade "direct" advertising, though there was a bewildering vagueness about what the term signified.

But the private enterprisers were quite willing to leave the definition of "direct" advertising vague, so long as they were not confined to "indirect" advertising, which had been quite clearly defined as sponsorship and nothing more. Their estimates of the permissible amount of "direct" advertising varied, but that it should be disallowed altogether in Canada was, they maintained, unthinkable, so long as United States advertisers were pushing their wares over stations heard in Canada. It was E. W. Beatty, president of the CPR but as

¹These were 1929 estimates. By 1932, set owners had greatly increased, and cost of equipment had declined. But Canada was in the depths of a world-wide depression, and government and taxpayers were less favorable to subsidies from public funds.

yet unknighthed, who gave the most forthright statement of this evangel.

"If the advantages of this great invention are as we conceive them to be," he told the committee, "it would not be fair or proper to deny the benefits of them to the commerce of this country and to commercial institutions. . . . If the provisions of the Aird Report were given effect to, we would require to be silent in respect of our own products, even though in many cases we are appealing to a common market. This is a lowly position into which I do not think Canadian industry should be consigned."

Mr. Beatty, whose company had been building considerable goodwill from "indirect" advertising over a national hookup, was equally certain that little revenue would accrue from that kind of publicity. "I do not know of any company," he said, "which could possibly justify, on the grounds of the cultivation of goodwill, expensive advertising through national hookups, for example, if that were the only use of radio which was permitted to it."¹

But while the private enterprisers were quite confident they could provide a national radio service if given a free hand and the right to accept "direct" advertising, they were not going to tackle the job unaided if they could persuade the public to pay part of the shot and increase the field for profits. Thus, with cool audacity, all their counter-proposals called for some kind of public subsidy to private radio.

The Canadian Association of Broadcasters proposed complete private ownership, with control by the Minister of Marine or a Department of Radio, and all stations allowed to increase their power and "improve their facilities" forthwith. Fifteen per cent of station time, "amounting to some sixteen hours a week," would be reserved to the government for "the broadcast of high grade national programs making use of national musical organizations and leading Canadian artists and educationalists," at a cost of \$838,550 — \$302,950 for network transmission lines and \$535,600 for talent — to be realized from the \$2 license fee. Thus, they claimed, after providing for government administration and technical service, there would remain a surplus of \$576,000 for the national treasury.

Sixteen hours a week — about two hours a day — of "public service" broadcasts, with all costs of landline hookups and talent paid for by the listeners; the rest of the 24 hours left open to private stations for profit-making commercial programs over the subsidized networks! And the CAB spokesman admitted quite shamelessly that "educational stuff" would not be carried between eight and eleven at night "unless paid for."

Mr. E. W. Beatty of the CPR proposed "a private company having a monopoly of the radio business in Canada" with stock owned by "the railway companies of Canada and other important radio interests," to take over, own and operate existing stations "or enough for a chain" and "provide sufficient sustaining programs to enable them to broadcast a minimum of ten hours a day," subject to the regulation of a government radio commission — with, of course, the inevitable public assistance in the form of "a portion of the license fees." This, of course, was the plan that had been

tried and found wanting in Great Britain. But in Britain the private monopoly had received no public subsidy.

The most amazing submission of all came from the Ontario Radio League. This mysterious organization refused to divulge the names of its ten founders, but admitted that its "membership of 50,000 set owners" had resulted from a letter sent out to listeners containing the following alarming passages:

"Not one cent of your license fee is used by the Dominion Government to help provide you with music and entertainment; nevertheless they intend to *double* your tax. . . . You and the other 250,000 Ontario licensees — out of 500,000 in Canada — are to be taxed to pay half the bill for the *all-Canadian* radio service. . . . Those who are in a position to *know* tell us that to provide *all of Canada* with radio service as good as what you are now getting would cost *at least* \$15,000,000 a year. In other words, your license fee would cost you \$30 per year instead of \$1, and you would have to tune in American stations for some of your favorite programs and for all broadcasting from Europe and elsewhere."

This flagrantly deceptive campaign to inflame opinion against public ownership of radio originated, of course, with the private station interests of Toronto; but more was hinted at by Sir John Aird in his testimony before the committee. "They [the Ontario Radio League] say friends are supplying the funds," he commented. "Well, why not come out and say who their friends are and let us know who is behind it all? Are they purely Canadians behind it or are they outside great interests?"

The "League" proposed limitation of Ontario licenses to six 5,000 watt stations at strategic points; that all listeners' fees collected in the Toronto area be mostly expended by the Dominion Government for the broadcasting of programs on "the two Toronto radio stations now satisfactorily serving our area," and most of the rest for transmitting these locally-produced programs to the other four stations. Advertisers should be permitted "a reasonable amount of reference" to their business or products, and "educational" broadcasts restricted to daytime periods.

This crude Ontario, not to say Toronto, scheme to give the larger existing stations a monopoly of broadcasting, with the indispensable public subsidy, completely ignored, of course, the question of national radio coverage. Its selfish commercial and sectional motivation stood self-revealed and self-condemned.

Having heard from fifty-three sources, including the three Royal Commissioners, governments, individuals, corporations, associations, leagues and clubs, the committee deliberated and brought in its report. It rejected the Aird proposal of a public corporation responsible to parliament, and any idea of a government subsidy. It proposed a three-man salaried Commission, with assistant provincial commissioners and committees, to "regulate and control all broadcasting in Canada, including programs and advertising," empowered to own, build and operate stations, to acquire by license, purchase, expropriation or otherwise any or all existing stations, and to enter into operating agreements with private stations; to issue or cancel licenses, assign channels, and determine the number, location and power of all stations; to originate or import programs and arrange for their transmission; "to prohibit the establishment of privately-operated chains of stations in Canada," and, subject to the approval of parliament, "to take over all broadcasting in Canada."

It proposed "a nationally owned system of radio broadcasting," and suggested that "consideration be given to the use of" a chain of five 50,000 watt stations, one each in British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and the Mari-

¹During the late war, Canadian firms spent large sums on radio and press advertising which contained nothing about the advertiser's firm, product or service except the names. In some cases this may have been a "tax evasion" measure, but few would deny it was without value to the advertiser. Recently an Ontario brewery contested the ruling of the CBC barring from the air an expensive program void of any "direct" advertising; other Ontario breweries have been spending huge sums in similar "indirect" advertising in the press, from which it is inconceivable that they expect no "goodwill" returns.

times (alternatively, in the Maritimes, two 5,000 watt stations); two 5,000 watt stations in Saskatchewan and two in Alberta; a 10,000 watt station in Northern Ontario and one in Western Ontario; a 1,000 watt station at Port Arthur-Fort William; a 500 watt station in Toronto, and a 1,000 watt station at or near Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec; together with a number of supplementary local stations of 100 watts or less; the Commission to establish land line hookups and "make a special effort to give such programs as will be acceptable to provincial and local requirements." All stations 100 watts or under not required for the national system should remain under private ownership.

This program, including cost of acquiring stations, should be self-sustaining; only money available from transmitting and receiving license fees, and advertising income, should be expended. And the amount of the license fee should be left to the government. A complete survey by the Commission of the existing system, especially as to coverage, should precede any changes.

Without mentioning "direct" or "indirect" advertising specifically, the committee recommended that "advertising be limited to not more than 5 per cent of each program period."

Ironically enough, the concluding paragraph of the report read: "We desire to call attention to the extreme importance that the Board [Commission] should not assume, or even be suspected of assuming, a political complexion."

So much for the proceedings and recommendations of this first Canadian parliamentary committee on radio broadcasting. What happened when the report reached the government, and the results that flowed from the government's action, must be left for a subsequent article.

Interval

Searching for the point where rivers meet
Or the door that leads into a lighted room
Where sun admits its full identity,
He thought he found in woman a divining rod
That knows where all the treasure's hidden.
He thought her flesh was touched with lightning
Or magic impulses that guess how rivers meet;
In her hands he saw the golden key
To vistas of unending green, blinding
The enemies of his unity.

He learned otherwise under a summer sky
Embracing her one day when change of trains
Left them an hour or two to kill; they fled the town
Came to a field—after the rain it was—
The ground fresh and black, the last cherries
Withering on bushes and dried raspberries
Clinging to fences, a sleepy cow in pasture,
The distant rumble of freight cars heading for city.

They lay down together and they kissed
And in that kiss he felt his past defeats
Narrow and bind him, and his dream grown large
Filled the night sky to its cloudiest limits,
Stretched like a bubble and as quickly broke.
The dream fell and gave him back
Himself in a thousand pieces all separate and disjointed.
Then he knew there is no golden key,
No one has hidden it, there is no joyous room
Where man completes his marriage in a moment:
No one has charted the routes to integration,
There are no easy signposts; only a lonely road
That each one travels with his suffering.

Miriam Waddington.

The Shitepoke Laughed At Me

Gilbert Byron

► SPRING had finally arrived. Mom gave me fifteen cents and said that I must get a haircut after school. She also told me to go to Ralph Clifton's Sanitary Shop, where all of the respectable people went, and to be sure to tell Ralph to give me a close one.

Instead, I headed for Jim Jones' Shop. Pop always said that even if Jim was a nigger he cut the best hair in town. Jim also had the best coon hounds in the county, mournful beasts whose sad eyes somehow made up for the ordeal with the shears. Besides, while waiting my turn, I could read the latest pugilistic news or shyly inspect the buxom ladies who reposed within the covers of the Police Gazettes which were strewn on the benches. When I finally climbed into the chair, Jim always would ask, "Haircut or shave?" Mom did not like me to go to Jim's but Pop said that it would not hurt me.

But the blinds in Jim's windows were pulled down and the hounds were gone. This was excuse enough so I took the short cut through the Negro section and hurried for the pasture where a game of two-batter-two would surely be going on. I walked along the oyster shell path, whistling the double blessing of being out of school and a haircut, yet something was missing. Then I realized that there were not any Negroes in sight.

"Georgie Smith ought to be mending his eel pots," I thought, "and Aunt Mary is letting her garden go to weeds. And the little niggers who shoot nicks or just sit and roll their eyes, where are they?"

"Maybe there is a Sunday school picnic?" I thought. But I knew that it was much too early for picnics.

Soon I reached the pasture. Only four boys were there, playing one-batter-one, so I stuck my glove on and went out to the outfield. Even Nigger Johnny was missing. Nigger was coal black but we let him play with us white boys because he furnished us with horsehiders. His father swept out the hardware store. Besides he was a good player and didn't even mind us calling him "nigger."

As I spit into my glove, I thought, "Jim's shop closed, no blacks in the nigger section, Nigger not here to play ball—something is wrong." And we had to play with a lopsided nickle rocket which was bad enough.

The pasture bordered on the river and was close to most of our homes. As the sun lowered, the boys slipped away to supper until me and another boy were the only ones left so we played catch. When it became too dark to see the ball and Mom's call began to sound angry, I walked along the river path toward home.

The peepies were whistling in the marsh and an old shitepoke flew past just like he was going somewhere important. Then I heard Pop's one cylinder engine coming up the river, getting louder all of the time. Rags, our little rat terrier, heard it, too, and trotted down to the river to meet him.

Even before the batteau got in, I knew that Pop was excited about something. He was really pushing his old girl and took the short cut across the cove, instead of following the stakes, and it was low water. Pop didn't even bother to tie up at the dock but ran her up on the beach and jumped ashore.

"What's the matter, Pop?" I asked.

"Ain't you heard?" he replied, and rolling his boots down below his knees walked rapidly toward the house.

I tagged along and slipped in the door after him and Rags. "What makes you so late, George?" challenged Mom, not even noticing me, with bigger game at hand.

"Ain't you heard?" Pop said, "A damn nigger attacked Jed Price's wife this morning while he was gone to the milk station. There's a great hue and cry and I've been conning the river. Mongst you ain't et anything since morning. Let's set."

"Good Lord!" said Mom, "The terror's on again. You be careful, George."

Supper over, Pop took the shotgun from the closet, slipped a couple of shells into his pocket, and went out. After he had gone, I opened my school books and worked on the next day's arithmetic, but I couldn't keep my mind on the figures.

"Mom," I said, "let me go over to Ric's so we can do our arithmetic together."

"You're not going out of this house, tonight," she said, knowing I was just trying to get out.

Then there was a rap on the door and we both jumped, but it was just Mrs. Kennard from across the road. She and Mom started talking about what had happened and I opened my book again but I listened close.

"Ain't it terrible?" said Mrs. Kennard. "They married only a year and she expecting. Do you think it will hurt it? Would you believe it, just yesterday my daughter was talking to her and she was complaining of Jed staying so long at the milk station."

And then Mom asked, "Did he?" and with a look in my direction her words faded into a whisper.

Mrs. Kennard said, loud enough for me to hear, "Do you think Noah understands?"

Mom shook her head but they still talked too low for me to hear. Then she looked at the clock and told me it was time to go to bed.

"Aw, Mom," I said. But I put my books away and went upstairs. Then I heard them talking for a long time before I went to sleep.

Sometime in the night, Pop came in and the closing door must have woke me up. He was still excited and I could hear him talking to Mom.

"The sheriff caught him, lucky for the bastard. He's the right one, for sure. Jed's wife marked his face with her butcher knife. The nigger says he got the cut at a dance but there ain't a soul to back his story up. No, she's all right, just frightened. We were going to string him up, but the state cops got to the jail first. Damn state officers ought to leave us county people be. Now they've taken him to Baltimore."

Mom said something about Jed's wife and Pop said, "Uh-huh."

Sometime later Mom said, "George, stop your snoring." Then I heard the spring squeak when Pop turned over.

Before breakfast, the next morning, I slipped down to the river and skipped oyster shells. That same old shitepoke flew past and let out a squawk just like he was laughing at me. When Mom called I went up and sat down at the table. Pop was still in bed.

Mom said, "You better hurry or you will be late to school and Miss Fanny will keep you in. And don't you take no short cut through the colored section."

If I was late again, I knew Miss Fanny would keep me in and I couldn't play so I took the short cut through the nigger street. But there weren't any niggers in sight. All of the windows and doors were closed. But I noticed the smoke was still coming out of the chimneys.

When I reached school and slipped into the cloakroom to leave my hat, all of the fellows were hanging around cussing

and bragging about what their fathers had done to catch the nigger. We were in the cloakroom until the final bell for even Miss Fanny wouldn't go into the boys' room. Of course, she might call Mr. Manning, the principal. But when the last bell started to ring I walked into Miss Fanny's room and sat down at my desk.

The room was all of a buzz and she pounded on the desk bell for quiet and order. Everyone got fairly quiet during the Bible reading but Miss Fanny had a hard time and had to get the switches down from in back of the map on two occasions. Also, there were numerous requests to consult the big dictionary in the front of the room which contained the forbidden but highly necessary words which we needed to use in talking about what had happened the day before. If Miss Fanny realized why we wanted to use the big dictionary she did not show it. None of the girls dared to use it but some of them did giggle when Ric left it conveniently open at the proper page.

Then during geograph lesson, Miss Fanny asked Alvin, the new boy from Virginia, what an island was.

He stood up and said, "An island is a piece of watermelon surrounded by niggers."

We all thought that was funny and howled but Miss Fanny didn't, and sent the new boy to the office.

Just then the morning recess bell rang and we went out to the playground. Ric suggested a new game, "Catch the Nigger," but nobody would be the nigger. To top things off, five of the fellows played hooky that afternoon to go swimming. They called me a sissy for not going but Pop had promised to lick me if I went in before the first of May and I knew that he meant it.

During the next few days the niggers all stayed inside and the town gradually quieted down under the warm spring sun. That Sunday, the Methodist preacher did choose as his text, "Thou shalt not kill," but most everybody agreed that what he said was meant for white people only. Then Billy Tilghman got drowned trying to swim across the river. When the Germans invaded Belgium in August, the nigger case seemed forgotten.

But when school started in September, the whole thing came up again. Ric's father knew the sheriff, and according to Ric, the nigger was to be tried during the October session of the county court. Ric said that the sheriff had already ordered the lumber for the gallows and one morning on the way to school, I did see a pile of lumber in the jail yard. What was more, some of Baltimore's National Guard, The Dandy Fifth, were coming, to see that the nigger was hung in the proper manner. None of us fellows had ever seen a real soldier.

The day the Emma Giles churned up the river, most everybody made it a point to be down to the wharf or close to it. Old Mr. Billy Mac even hoisted the American flag in front of his store. It did seem like a holiday. Captain Woodall brought the Emma Giles in with an extra flourish, the lines were made fast, and the passengers streamed across the gangplank. Then the Negro deck hands started to strut the freight ashore on their two-wheel trucks. But we didn't see any soldiers or the nigger.

When the crowd started moving up town, Ric and I waited to watch the deck hands bring a heifer ashore. She balked on the gangplank and then, with a loud bawl, ran across into Mrs. Hibbard's flower garden, knocking down a line of drying clothes as she ran. The niggers cursed and ran after her.

Suddenly I turned toward the river and there was the nigger, guarded by eight soldiers, coming across the gangplank. The big crowd must have scared them for the soldiers had bare bayonets attached to their rifles and the nigger slunk along, handcuffed to the sheriff.

The first day of the trial, three of us played hooky but we couldn't get into the courtroom. All we could do was hang around outside one of the windows and listen. The courtroom wouldn't hold all of the people, anyway, so we had plenty of company. It took them all day to choose the jury, all of them white men, and ten of them farmers.

Miss Fanny sent a note home to Mom and Mom wanted Pop to lick me for playing hooky but Pop said that I probably learned more than I would have in school. The next day I did go to school.

Saturday was the big day of the trial for Jed Price's wife was going to testify. The nigger didn't have any money so the judge had assigned Joe Parks, who had just graduated from law school, to defend him. People said that Joe was plenty smart but nobody thought the nigger had a chance.

I was standing on my tiptoes looking in the back window when Joe called up a big man I had never seen before.

"Your honor," I heard Joe say, "this is Mr. Tawes, the chief state chemist, from Annapolis." Then the chemist was sworn in and Joe walked over to the table and picked up the butcher knife which Jed's wife had used on the nigger. It was still caked with blood.

Joe spoke. "Mr. Tawes, will you tell the judge and jury what your analysis of the blood on the knife has found."

I could hear the chemist answer, calm and clear, he was. "Analysis of five different samplings shows that the blood on the knife is chicken blood, nothing but chicken blood."

You could have knocked the whole courtroom over with a chicken feather.

When Joe called Jed's wife to the witness chair, she was already bawling like that little heifer. After she swore on the Bible to tell the truth she couldn't do anything else. And the truth was that no nigger had attacked her. She had just made the whole story up to try and make Jed stay home more.

Talk about speed. It didn't take that jury long to free the nigger.

I got my fall haircut at Jim Jones' that afternoon. As I slipped out of the chair, Jim had a big grin on his face.

"That's a real slick haircut you got, Mr. Noah," Jim said.

On the way home I saw the little niggers shooting nicks, and Georgie Smith was mending his eel pots, and Aunt Mary was weeding her garden.

They all sort of smiled at me as I walked by.

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Film Review

D. Mosdell

► IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS Hollywood's crime lies not so much in the individual bad picture it turns out as in the fact that the total effect of so many bad pictures is to prevent us from appreciating the virtues of foreign films which are not made according to the Hollywood recipe; it is the old story of too much highly spiced food spoiling the palate for plain or delicate fare. A standard historical picture in Hollywood, for instance, calls first for large dollops of glorious technicolor; added to this, quantities of elaborate costume, complicated sets full of carefully authenticated detail, a cast of thousands, and Errol Flynn (or Charles Laughton, for meatier roles). Sometimes an individual actor (Laughton in *Henry VIII*, Bette Davis in *Elizabeth and Essex*), manages to make a convincing personality out of an historical character; but on the whole the average movie-goer never gets an inch beyond Hollywood, whatever the ostensible locale, and rarely so much as a decade back in time, let alone a century or so. American and Canadian audiences are conditioned to expect the stupendous phony, and although they may be acutely bored by it, at the same time a steady diet of the super-colossal prevents them from recognizing an attempt to create genuine historical or literary atmosphere by other than Hollywood methods when they see it.

The recent importation of a Mexican picture, *St. Francis of Assisi*, and its cool reception here by large numbers of intelligent movie-goers is a case in point, which makes us realize how much and how badly we have been educated by Hollywood. It would be easy, as many people did, to dismiss *St. Francis* as hopelessly out-of-date, as something that might have been acceptable in 1927, when we didn't know any better—but it would be a mistake. Judged by Hollywood standards, the production is primitive, and the story creaks; but once we grasp the fact that the preternaturally slow pace is deliberate, and has something to do with the quality of the story, and accustom ourselves to the stylized décor, the pattern begins to fall into place and to make sense. This is a mediaeval story; it would be foolish to expect it to be told with the slapdash vulgarity of Hollywood; that would be like expecting Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* to read like a serial in *Redbook*.

Hollywood's method of indicating sainthood, if *The Song of Bernadette* is anything to go by, is to select an actress with a sweet, stupid face; photograph that face *ad nauseam*, uptilted, wide-eyed, expressionless, with a strong white light playing on it and a background of celestial voices on the sound-track; leaving the audience to interpret all this as a proof of spirituality. Catholics in the audience may have experienced the appropriate sensations; but to me the whole effect was phony, boring beyond belief, and left me with a strong suspicion that whoever made the picture felt it was necessary to equate the simple of heart with the feeble in head.

Saint Francis was not spiritual in that sense at all. To begin with, he is shown as neither a physical nor a mental weakling. To be sure, the picture rather toned down his roistering youth and made it consist mainly of standing on a banquet table, flourishing a goblet in grand opera style. But it also showed that his sense of social injustice was very strong, and implied that his kindness and magnanimity were tempered with some intelligence and a great deal of humor. His sainthood is quite simply indicated by the first attempt

I have ever seen in the movies to portray the religious phenomenon of levitation: he is photographed standing in a relaxed attitude (his back to the camera), hands at his sides, in front of a crucifix, in much the same attitude people have in art galleries when they are giving their whole attention to a picture; only his feet are several inches above the floor, the palms of them slightly tilted toward the earth. His prayer for and reception of the stigmata are similarly treated — no white light, no angel voices; but in the setting, completely natural and an essential part of the story. It is hard to imagine what Hollywood would do with such material; certainly they could not handle it with so few lapses from taste.

The entire treatment which the Mexican studios have given the story of St. Francis is at least partly a result of being both Latin and Catholic, and therefore capable of slipping back easily into a century when religious belief was the rule rather than the exception; capable still of telling a story or singing a song from an unmodern literature without the taint of sophistication. This combination of sincerity and simplicity is at least momentarily convincing, and produces even in the non-religious modern what I believe is known as the willing suspension of unbelief. To achieve this result through the medium of the cinema seems to me quite remarkable.

Interview on the Campus

Samuel Roddan

► FOR A DAY you are back on the campus and the sun is warm and the girls are flaunting their bright summer dresses. By the stadium a football turns lazily through the air. Off in the distance a solitary athlete leaps and then runs over the hard cinders but if you stop to admire his lonely ecstasy and abandon you must brave the cynical observations of your companion; so you walk on in silence.

The library, like a huge fortress is almost isolated by its green moat but the grilled doors are flung open to a stream of extravagantly healthy young men and women bubbling with that exciting, boring yet peculiarly dry and astringent jargon heard only on a campus. A lad with a shiny discharge button in his lapel but scarcely a trace of down on his cheek, sits on the steps, soaking up the sun. His eyes are closed and his pipe and books lie scattered at his side but at the laughter of a girl his eyes open cautiously and he smiles secretly to himself. Inside the cool entrance, an old professor greets you affectionately and then quickly fences back with thrusts beautifully calculated to reveal what you have kept alive and what you have let die in the long, boring nightmare of a war.

Later over a cup of tea, you ask him about his students and their work and he tells you how they are the same and how they are different: about the new abrupt levels of maturity: how a few have learned so little from even the most personal experience of war but how the majority are now equipped with a surprising knowledge and understanding. And he tells of those who feel they are intellectuals and persist in torturing themselves on a razor's edge, and of those who are looking so far ahead or so far behind that they cannot perceive the duty immediately in front of them, and about the perennial scholars who ages ago should have ventured out into the world but somehow have become frightened and unsure and cannot quite break away. And then you talk about education and he tells you once again, as he has done so often in the past, that it comes from within; that it is a man's own doing, or it happens to him, some-

times because of the teaching he has had, sometimes in spite of it. . . .

The conversation for a moment spirals away into little private reveries and the spoon stirring in the cup seems terribly loud. You feel impelled to relate an old story and he listens politely. . . .

Governess: Recite

Pupil: The Battle of Blenheim (long pause)

Governess: By?

Pupil: (silence)

Governess: By Robert Southey

Pupil: By Robert Southey

Governess: Who was Robert Southey?

Pupil: (pause) I don't know.

Governess: One of our greatest poets. Begin again.

Pupil: The Battle of Blenheim by Robert Southey, one of our greatest poets.

The old professor smiles wryly.

Then he tells you that education cannot make a people free against its will and it cannot improve a society which is bent on its destruction, nor can it rise any higher than the people will let it rise, and how we have failed to put to our students the great questions of society: what is it, why is it, and what of it? And instead we have toyed with a multitude of experiments, like vocational training for instance, in which years of training can be swept away by a single invention but how for a dictatorship, or any state, in which the citizen is but a cog in the machine which somebody else is running, it is the perfect education, for it does not disturb the mind or give young people ideas. . . .

The waitress brought another pot of tea and you talk about old friends and associates and the surprises and disappointments you are constantly finding in people and why many once brilliant minds have become so smooth and rigid so that when you grapple with them there is no friction or resiliency and nothing to get hold of except unique and private concerns. And the old professor smiles and watches you bird-like, ready to pounce on the careless generalization and the half-truth and when he speaks his words sharpen your clumsy analysis.

And so after a time the conversation dwells on our responsibilities and duties now and the old professor tells how today there can be no retreat from the terror and boredom of the world. That we are here on earth, not to save ourselves, and not to save the community, but to try and save both, and that the crucial test which faces every man rests in his will. And that if we want to build a cathedral and live as free men we must begin once again from the very foundations. But he reminds you that the time is terribly short and no longer in our favor, that each hour lost or wasted brings us nearer to a new and darker age. . . .

Here the conversation, like a circle, closes and the old professor surveys you with a smile in which resignation, sorrow and confidence are inexplicably mingled. And suddenly you realize that this man has suffered, that he has committed much to the flames, that he has dragged through the hell of doubt and despair, but that his own inner dignity, and his faith are still incorruptible.

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE VOICE OF DAFOE: A Selection of Editorials on Collective Security, 1931-1944; (Ed.) W. L. Morton; Macmillan; pp. 293; \$3.00.

There is a certain grim fitness in the appearance of this book just as the League of Nations is winding up its affairs to make way for its successor. John Dafoe was fifty-three when the League was set up, but at his death in January, 1944, at the age of seventy-eight, he had not ceased to fight for the principle of collective security which it embodied. "I saw the brat born," he said in 1936, "and I am going to stay with it as long as it has a bit of life in its body."

In 1936 the seeds of betrayal and sabotage were already bearing bitter fruit. This book, the cream of sixty-three out of the nearly one thousand editorials and articles from John Dafoe's pen which appeared in the *Winnipeg Free Press* between 1931 and 1944, highlights the process of disintegration, the death of the old hope ending in war, and with the war the birth of a new hope. Here one can recapture, step by step, the progressive disillusionment of the fateful 'thirties. This play-by-play commentary by a great Canadian journalist inspires the whole sorry pageant with the light of that crusading idealism which was the essence of John Dafoe. From the first he had doubts about the League. But, arraigning with equal force American (and Canadian) isolationism, French obduracy, and those in Britain who sought to build up Germany as a bulwark against Russia, Dafoe never lost his faith that the League might become an effective instrument, whether by peaceful or forcible means, for preventing war, if men willed it so. Having given his full support to the inevitable war and seen the outlines of the UNO taking shape, he died with the hope that a new generation, heeding the moral of the 'twenties and 'thirties, would succeed where the old had failed.

Yet to some it will seem a paradox that a man who championed so passionately a kind of political collectivism in world relations, should continue to cling to an economic individualism which saw in the free competitive market, domestically and internationally, a supreme panacea. May there not be found here, perhaps, some clue to the frustration of those ideals, which men like John Dafoe so nobly upheld, of co-operation between nations, when it is considered how little opportunity is provided within those nations for the practice of co-operation?

C.M.

ATOMIC ENERGY AND WORLD GOVERNMENT: Leopold Infeld; Canadian Institute of International Affairs; pp. 20; 10c.

Dr. Infeld's pamphlet is another contribution to the greatest one-sided debate of modern times; the present status and potentialities of atomic power. Since the first atomic explosion last July, the question "is the discovery of atomic energy a qualitative or quantitative change?" has been debated at length by military people, legislators, and the general public on the one hand, and physicists and intelligent laymen on the other. To a physicist, serious discussion of the subject seems on the same intellectual level as a debate on the moral attributes of the catenarian curve. A glance at the technical journals proves that there is no secret, either scientific or technological; an understanding of the nature of fission convinces that there is no possible defense; a survey of what is being said and written on atomic energy is sufficient to prove that, men's hearts and minds being what they are, there is no time.

Atomic Energy and World Government covers these topics in a concise and workmanlike fashion, showing first that fission on a large scale was the result of "the scientific collaboration of the entire civilized world." The theoretical basis for the release of atomic energy had been worked out chiefly by German, Polish, French and English physicists long before the war. It was first accomplished in Germany in 1939, and brought to such a state that only an expenditure of time and money was required to make it into a weapon of unheard-of destructive power. Calculations indicated that one small bomb could destroy a great city. With this laudable object in view all the peace-loving nations appropriated money and drafted scientists to do the job. The nation with the most money succeeded first, but there is no reason to believe that the others were far behind. Dr. Infeld believes that by 1948 Russia, and probably France and Sweden, will have atomic bombs. The possibilities for defense, as he sees them, are two; either a mole-like existence in cities which will have to be built deeper and deeper underground as atomic bombs improve, or the systematic destruction of all possible enemies before they have a chance to strike at us. In other words, there is no defense.

The answer, as he and other physicists see it, is world government, with an international commission of experts controlling the use made of atomic power. This would free scientists from the shackles of nationalistic military control, and enable them to devote their energies to applying atomic fission to constructive use. This of course is the answer, and the only rational answer, but the world climate of opinion does not seem favorable to it. Dr. Infeld apparently believes that there is a possibility of an effective world organization being evolved in the few years which remain. In the reviewer's opinion the humanities have lagged so far behind the sciences that it will be impossible in the short period between wars to develop such an organization. This will probably mean the end of western civilization, but not, as Dr. Infeld thinks, the end of the world. After Europe and North America are deserts there will remain the great civilizations of China and India to carry on a development which, it is hoped, will be an improvement on our own.

These being the facts, that there is no secret, there is no defense, and there is no time, it is almost unbelievable to see the same old groups of well-meaning people going about their piddling affairs, working at societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, or worrying about the depletion of forest resources. But the social consequences of atomic energy are too vast to be faced by western man in his present state of development, and therefore the debate on atomic bombs, while silly on its face, will go on. And, however slim their chance of success, physicists and laymen who can read the evidence must go on voicing their warnings until they see the white flash.

J. J. Brown.

INDIA TODAY: Raleigh Parkin; Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. 387; \$4.00.

The sub-title of Mr. Raleigh Parkin's *India Today* is An Introduction to Indian Politics. It is just this, and an extremely good one into the bargain. *India Today* is packed with facts about the past and present of India. Although his volume is something in the nature of a handbook, Mr. Parkin has not neglected the living and developing aspects of fact. He tells us a good deal about caste, for instance, but he also notices that caste attitudes are changing in a changing society.

The worshipper at Churchill's shrine will get little comfort from this book. The brightest jewel in the British Crown would appear from Mr. Parkin's description to be a pretty

chipped bit of pastework. Poverty, backwardness, frustration and stupidity meet us on nearly every page, although Mr. Parkin is too polite, too scientific and too circumspect ever to use such epithets. It is not clear, however, that Mr. Parkin has not succumbed to the subtler propaganda of imperialism. The Indian "problem" emerges from his pages as one of frightening complexity. The total impression of India and Indians created by his book is very similar to that created by the Simon Report. It is doubtful whether India is in any practical sense a nation or even two nations *à la Pakistan*. It is likewise doubtful whether Indians are capable of doing anything without the constant help, advice and interference of the representatives of "superior" civilizations. As for the British they hardly emerge at all, but the inference seems to be they are a mixed bag of wise men and fools who, taken all in all, are a good-hearted, well-intentioned band of hopefuls bent on doing good and rendering assistance whenever possible according to their own limited lights.

India is very much on the agenda of history even if it is not yet on the agenda of the Security Council. It is a safe prediction that within five years people everywhere will have to stand up and be counted on the subject of India. It is doubtful whether Mr. Parkin's book will help Canadians to make their decision. If they read his book and nothing else, they will have to fall back on Anglo-Saxon tribal instincts in making their judgments. And the end product of that will be "mutual" aid and volunteers to save the Indians from themselves or the Bolsheviks or some other equally undesirable element of the human race.

To say this is, of course, no criticism of Mr. Parkin's book. He obviously did not intend to stimulate moral and political judgments. He wants us to know the facts, and he has helped us to get them. Unfortunately facts are today not enough: even when we can go behind our own steel curtains to get them.

H.S.F.

MEN ON TRIAL: Peter Howard; Oxford (Blandford Press); pp. 103; \$1.25.

Breezy personality sketches of Attlee, Bevin, Morrison, Dalton, Greenwood, Shinwell, Cripps, Churchill, Eden, Beaverbrook and a number of "Young" Conservatives are here presented in the only too imitable style of the *Daily Mail*, with frequent lapses into *Daily Mirror* one-sentence paragraphs. In fact, all the paragraphs are short, the sentences simple, and the content shallow, just as the Peter Howards of the world think the Fellow in the Street likes serious matters. This is Gossip Column stuff dished up as Political Analysis.

Peter Howard writes as a tribute to a younger brother killed at Arnhem. The younger had hoped for much from the Labor party, but in spite of such near acquaintance the older still thinks politics is a game played in the best club in Europe. He frequently slaps at what he calls the "class-war boys" of whom he is terrified, but he has no conception of the economic urges of society, of how throughout history power passes from one class to another to expand the economy. He is both muddled and innocent in a day when there is no excuse for either attitude. He wants to unite the good men of any and every party in a common cause, which is "democracy's big idea of God-control"—i.e. revivalism of the upper classes by the Buchmanites—versus the materialists "who fight for personal power and class control." On this basis the truly religious Cripps could be lined up against Churchill, but such is not Mr. Howard's intention, for class-control is something never, never, never carried on by Tories, but only by those wicked Marxists. The "materialists" too turn out

to be those who advocate dialectical materialism—another popular fallacy easily overcome by a little study.

England has often produced these Bright Young Men. This one is a prig to boot, and it would be funny if it were not tragic to find an interpreter of the English scene secure in the belief that the home life of its politicians will alone make a country great. Attlee, Morrison and Cripps are devoted family men; so most emphatically is the Tory, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, while Gladstone's and Disraeli's home life meant everything to them; oh yes, and there are the home-loving Trumans tacked on the end. Churchill seems to have had to do without this *sine qua non*, for one hardly sees him, like Sir David, playing bears under the dining table. This is trivial stuff.

Well, Peter is chiefly worried about what the Labor party is Going to Do. It stands for food, houses, jobs; it has, he says, no higher aims. The "Young" Tories are to provide a philosophy—one gets philosophies out of the air, it seems—for the nation. The latter "must be educated to recognize that our future as a power in the world depends not on the community giving everything to the individual, but in every individual giving everything to the community." The community has equipped Mr. Howard's pals with expensive education, riches and titles. Logically they might well lead in showing how to return some of this. Yet I think of British Labor party members I have known about—elementary school teachers, obscure union officials—giving all the leisure time of their adult life to the community in meetings, co-operatives, councils, organizations, and I find Mr. Howard's suggestion of the Tory role insufferable nonsense. The rest of the Tory dynamite consists of combatting the fact that "Labor has succeeded in convincing the ordinary fellow in the street that Labor loves him." Have the Tories done this? demands the author.

Dear Mr. Peter Howard, and all the other exquisite untouchable Peters, Labor is the fellow in the street. With or without "class-war," you can no longer interest him in being the object of government by even a morally reformed British aristocracy. Why not stop right now, send for two pennyworth of labor pamphlets, and start to learn the facts of life?

Dorothy Fraser.

AMERICANS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY, A Study of Assimilation in the Japanese Community: Forrest E. LaViolette; The Canadian Institute of International Affairs, 1945; 185 pp. \$2.50.

Americans of Japanese Ancestry is a sociological study of family and community life in the Japanese American settlements along the Pacific coast of the United States. Professor F. E. LaViolette, associate professor of sociology at McGill, gathered material for this book by field studies in Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, where the Japanese-Americans were concentrated before the evacuation.

This careful and detailed portrayal of the Japanese-American community reveals two dominant problems: the one posed by the social and economic discriminations which the Japanese-Americans face in their relations with European Americans; the other by the tensions existing within the Japanese-American group itself. We are more conscious of the difficulties created by discrimination, but those who have never faced it can hardly imagine the soul-deadening effect of knowing that most avenues of development are closed to you because your parents came to America from Asia rather than from Europe. That, in itself, is surely a big enough handicap for one group to bear. But to this are added the difficulties and tensions created by the desire of the *nisei*,

the American-born, to adhere to American customs and institutions while their parents, the more conservative *issei*, strive to maintain the traditions of their homeland. And complicating the situation still further are the *kibei* who were born in America but sent to Japan to be educated.

Professor LaViolette portrays graphically the varying degrees of differentiation between the American and Japanese ways of life, and carefully documents his account with quotations from interviews, letters, and articles in Japanese-American papers. The resulting picture of a minority culture is not only interesting in itself but of immense value in revealing how difficult are the problems of adjustment which the *nisei* face in their endeavor to identify themselves with the broader community of American citizens.

Much of the material in this booklet applies to both Japanese-Americans and Japanese-Canadians. Indeed, so similar are most of the problems that the Canadian-Japanese in British Columbia are accustomed to refer to themselves as the "Californians of Canada." On the whole, Japanese-Canadians have suffered under even more severe handicaps than their cousins to the south: discrimination in Canada has offered fewer avenues of escape than in the United States, and the Canadian government is considerably behind the American government in solving the problems created by evacuation and resettlement. Those who read this book will await with interest Professor LaViolette's study of the Japanese-Canadians, which is expected to appear shortly.

While the description of a community in transition will be of greatest value to the sociologist, it makes fascinating reading for anyone. The account of Japanese customs and traditions throws into relief the differing standards of the East and West both within the family and within the social circle, and the numerous references to particular cases point up the different ways in which individuals react to their environment.

The one criticism which may be made, from the point of view of the ordinary reader, is that the book as a whole emphasizes the difference rather than the similarities between the Japanese-Americans and Americans of other descents. It is like a case history which must record the unnatural rather than the natural characteristics, and as a result gives a somewhat unbalanced picture. This is probably unavoidable in a sociological study of this type, where the treatment is necessarily objective and somewhat clinical. We may hope that later the picture of the community will be brought into focus in terms of the individual. But that is the task of the creative artist rather than of the sociologist. Within his field Professor LaViolette has done an excellent job.

Edith Fowke.

CORRESPONDENCE OF A FRIENDSHIP: Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell; Edited by Harley F. MacNair; University of Chicago Press; pp. 289; \$3.75 (U.S.A.)

Imagism as a poetic movement has long been out of fashion. One of its earliest proponents, Ezra Pound, now ends his life indicted as an interpreter of Italian Fascism. Its most devoted disciple, H.D., is possibly the only poet still writing who maintains the imagist principles. And the name of Amy Lowell, the poet of whom Carl Sandburg said "Arguing with Amy is like arguing with a big blue wave," has passed into a temporary oblivion. Yet the life and times of these creative people, who chose to ignore the implications and horror of the First World War and who turned for solace to the realm of pure art, is still full of fascination. They were devoutly concerned with bringing the beautiful to the many: and if Amy Lowell's own poetry is not read today, her remarkable translations from the Chinese still find many admirers.

This book contains the letters written by Amy Lowell and her collaborator, Florence Ayscough, during the years when they were translating *Fir Flower Tablets*, the Chinese lyric poets of the T'ang period—Li T'ai-po, Tu Fu, and Po Chü-i. Much of the material is concerned with their joint discovery of a new means of interpretation not used by sinologists and poetic translators like Arthur Waley or Ezra Pound. Their method was not merely to translate the exact meaning of the Chinese poems, phrase by phrase, but to add to these translations the original color and movement given by the Chinese characters employed. This analysis of the characters, or rendering of the ideogram by a phrase, had to be used sparingly, Miss Lowell found, in order not to spoil the cadence. But it was intensely important to convey every possible shade of meaning. Discussing her collaboration, Amy Lowell wrote: "The sinologists do not know enough about poetry to make adequate transitions, and they do not know enough to get the poets who could." Now for the first time two women, one a poet, the other a student of Chinese literature and art, met together and tackled the immense task with understanding and sensibility.

Apart from the academic and literary interest of these letters, which should be extremely helpful to students as well as to young poets, the correspondence is refreshing for its revelation of the inner workings of a friendship—a truly feminine friendship, but one unmarred by malice or jealousy, held together rather by the importance of a grand job to be done. These two possessed a "high seriousness" of which writers today appear to have no conception.

Dorothy Livesay.

THE BEDSIDE ESQUIRE: edited by Arnold Gingrich; McLeod (Grosset and Dunlap); pp. 703; \$2.79.

As opposed to the cartoons of Varga girls and hillbilly boys, "this is the solid side of *Esquire*," says the editor, "such stuff as literature is made of." From the list of contributors on the dust jacket, it looks as if he had a point. The blood-and-thunder boys are here, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell and their followers; the big city slickers led by George Jean Nathan; and a dash of European sophistication contributed by André Maurois *et al.* It is a pretty impressive roll-call of the current big names. And yet taken altogether, it doesn't quite spell literature.

Perhaps the reason is that all the stories seem to take on the flavor of the magazine for which they are written. Many of the pieces are composed quite frankly as text for the cartoons. This is true of a section of humorous articles which is strictly for the boys in the back room. But while the cartoons and illustrations might be classed as good unclean

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fun, this is not true of the stories. They are all written with one serious intention—to shock. This they achieve by detailed descriptions of sex, crime, or cruelty—or by all three combined. And this ulterior motive invalidates a good many of them as literature.

Highlights of the collection are two slick Steinbeck stories on a lynching and a Peeping Tom, Langston Hughes on miscegeny, Sean O'Faolain on love in a madhouse, Pietro di Donato's "Christ in Concrete," and Hemingway's "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" in which a frustrated author escapes a life of shame supported by a "rich bitch" to the purity of death by blood poisoning. It is all very entertaining if you are in a sadistic mood, and there are ghost stories and thrillers about ant invasions as well.

But it is a relief to come upon one or two non-violent stories, a Yorkshire fantasy by Eric Knight, a memory of snowfall in childhood by Ben Hecht. Then there's "Let Me Promise You" by Morley Callaghan, one of those unpretentious stories of an ordinary young couple which by its talented simplicity seems to get at the real truth of experience. One wonders whether such a story which is so different from the rest is not entirely outside the modern American tradition—until one remembers Sherwood Anderson and Ring Lardner and the early Hemingway. And then one realizes that *Esquire*, thank God, isn't all of America. There's just plain Mr., too.

Harriet Thomas.

IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN: V. S. Pritchett; Oxford; pp. 186; \$2.00.

Like the short stories of Saki, those of V. S. Pritchett are highly original. There is no impulse to compare them with those of de Maupassant or Chekov. But the world of Saki, while wildly fantastic, is a purposive, moral world, and that of Pritchett is not. If he has a God, it is Pan. When he turns to the English countryside, her rivers and cloudscapes, even her towns, he is a refreshing experience in word painting. But for his fellow man, with masterly and savage slashes he strips him bare of his tight-clutched conventional coverings, and leaves him ugly, coarse, stupid and dishonest, bare to the winds and his scorn, and with not even God to love him. Much of this is seen through the eyes of adolescent boyhood. The author, as a sensitive boy, must have suffered greatly at the hands of his elders. Well, this is his revenge, and it is ample.

All this does not prevent the book from being an event in the life of the short story addict. There is not a boring page in it, and much of it is highly amusing. "The Saint," for instance, tells of the arrival in a small English town of Hubert Timberlake, exponent of the gospel of the Last Purification, and he came from Toronto, Canada. "Our family were the first 'Purifiers' as they were called, in the town. Soon there were fifty or more meeting every Sunday in a room at the Corn Exchange." Few things funnier have been written than Mr. Timberlake's punting experience when, despite his gospel that anything uncomfortable is "Error," and that "If God made water it would be ridiculous to suggest He made it capable of harming his creatures," he fell into the river. His young companion prayed that he would not walk on the water, which would have been terrifying on a Sunday afternoon, and his prayer was answered. He sank slowly down, "... his shirt and waistcoat parted from his trousers. One seam of shirt with its pant-loops and bracetabs broke like a crack across the middle of Mr. Timberlake. The last Greeks must have felt as I did then, when they saw a crack across the middle of some statue of Apollo. It was at this moment I realized that the final revelation about man and society on earth had come to nobody, and that Mr. Timberlake knew nothing at all about the origin of evil. ...

I saw a small triangle of deprecation and pathos between his nose and the corners of his mouth. The head, resting on the platter of water had the sneer of calamity on it, such as one sees in the pictures of a beheaded saint."

Where so much is so good it is difficult to refrain from endless quoting, as: "We saw men fishing in the oil-green water and the thundery marble of summer clouds crested as white as cherry blossoms and very still over our heads, as if the London sky were in a glass case." "Aunt Gertrude's (dreams) had an edge to them and suggested that if anyone went back into her memories, they would get their hands scratched." There is "The Voice," a tale of the London bombing and the old Welsh reprobate who sang hymns from under the rubble. And there is the bitter, timely story of "The Ape" who thought there was a better way of life than the endless fruit robbery wars. He seemed to be making some headway for a time, but when the apes on the tops of the trees began to hear of him, quite naturally everyone turned on him and killed him. As Jeremiah said a few years ago, "The prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so."

Much of the pleasure given by this book is its suave maturity of style coupled with sincerity—qualities too seldom met with on this side of the Atlantic.

Eleanor McNaught.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND FATHER SMITH: Bruce Marshall; Macmillan (Houghton Mifflin Co.); pp. 191; \$2.75.

"It is still," said Hugh Millar over a hundred years ago, "a difficult world for an honest, well-meaning man to live in," and Father Smith was all of that—a simple man, or as moderns put it, a man of goodwill. So were his friends Monsignor O'Duffy, Father Bonnyboat and the Bishop. Bruce Marshall never intended it, but at times they seem to be good despite their church rather than because of it. They would have been good men in any sphere of life, but they had their setting in the Catholic church in Scotland, back in 1910. That was the year the cinema first appeared, and they debated banning it for their flocks.

"Some of the canons . . . maintained that it would be more prudent not to condemn the cinema until His Holiness Pope Pius X had made an official pronouncement, but Monsignor O'Duffy had said that was all havers and clavers and that if they had to wait on the official verdict of the church they might be argy-bargy till Doomsday and that the church had taken nearly nineteen hundred years to make up its mind about the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and that they couldn't afford to dilly and dally like that while young folk, aye, and auld folk too, were walking straight into the jaws of hell at sixpence a time and children half price."

But the ritual of the church was the breath and the beauty of life to Father Smith and to many of the sufferers he comforted. The book is stretched over the same last as its predecessor, *Father Malachy's Miracle*, but does not come off quite so successfully. It is a sincere tale, told with great good humor and moments of real emotion. A group of exiled French nuns share the stage for a time, and the war years form a sinister background.

Passage of time is marked by the fact that every year on St. Andrew's Day Father Smith went into the High Kirk to pray for the conversion of Scotland, because the church had once been Catholic, and he thought that St. Andrew might like things better that way. "There was no one in the church except himself, because Protestants did not seem to use their churches on weekdays like Catholics, dropping in to say a wee prayer to our Lord between buying the cabbages and

seeing about the sultana cake." Bruce Marshall is a confirmed but loveable proselytizer, and scores not a few direct hits at the world's blind smugness. *Eleanor McNaught.*

ADVENTURES BY SEA OF EDWARD COXERE: edited by E. H. W. Meyerstein; Oxford; pp. 123; \$2.25.

One of Conrad's stories begins with the author's chance perusal of an old manuscript describing a sea-voyage. This book is the publication of just such a manuscript. One can glance through it anywhere and find pregnant sentences as, "Our ship being laden with currants and muscadine wine we set sail, intending for England," that would be rich in suggestion for a novelist.

The author of the manuscript, Edward Coxere (1633-94), of Dover, England, spent the early part of his life as a merchant seaman. He also sailed on the naval craft of several nations. "... I served the Spaniards against the French, then the Hollanders against the English; then I was taken by the English out of a Dunkirker; and then I served the English against the Hollanders; and last I was taken by the Turks, where I was forced to serve them against the English, French, Dutch and Spaniards, and all Christendom." His narrative, illustrated by some quaint drawings by himself, is chiefly devoted to his many voyages—including one to Newfoundland—and embraces both rough adventure and spiritual progress. When about 28 years of age the moral implications of war, on which much of his livelihood had depended, began to trouble him. He was disturbed at the thought of "striving to kill men who I never saw, nor had any prejudice against, as the manner of the wars is." He then became a Quaker and some of his later years were spent in prison, because of his adherence to Quakerism.

This book has both literary and historical value. Written merely as a personal record of an unusually eventful life there is charm and vigor in the directness of the style with its seventeenth century mannerisms. The rugged and resourceful character of the author is everywhere apparent but perhaps the most dominant feeling of continuity lies in the moving background of the sea itself, which flows through the manuscript from beginning to end. The original spelling has been modernized and notes have been added by the editor, verifying dates by reference to other sources and correlating the events recorded with the history of the period.

Alan Creighton.

THE OXFORD PERIODICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR (Vols. 22 and 23): Oxford University Press; 25c.

The Periodical History of the War's two latest volumes bring this series up to the end of April 1945, the death of Roosevelt, and nearly the end of the war in Europe. Vol. 23 doesn't disclose whether Prof. McInnis is still the author but the excellent pattern he has set continues. —H. J.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IMMIGRATION?: Maurice R. Davie; Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 115; pp. 31; 15c.

This is a factual, scholarly, concise discussion of past and future immigration into the United States, with tables of numbers, racial or national origins, and the present quota allotments. Some slight relaxation of present restricted immigration is in the air, and specified proposals are given pro and con. There are sections on the high loyalty of "new Americans" and the low criminal rate, contrary to popular fallacy, of the foreign born. However, it is pointed out that the children of immigrants have a higher delinquency rate than children of native-born parents, because so many live in city slums, and city slums breed delinquency in every country.

Groups working for unity and against racial discrimination are briefly described, and the need for international action in population movement through the UNO is emphasized. This is an invaluable background pamphlet for anyone concerned with a discussion on immigration either American or Canadian, although a booklet especially descriptive of Canadian conditions would be useful, as Canada's railway-motivated immigration laws are sadly in need of revision.

There is even a typed 500 word review provided, with no silly stuff about not quoting from it. *Dorothy Fraser.*

MEN WHO BUILT THE WEST: Arthur Amos Ray; Caxton; pp. 220; \$3.00 (U.S.A.).

This is a short survey of the history of the western United States for young people of junior high school age. It contains a good deal of out-of-the-way information about the west, such as the use of camels as pack animals in the 1860's—in British Columbia as well as in some of the American states. Colorful subjects, like Indian raids, buffalo herds and gold rush incidents are touched upon, though the style of writing is rather dry and labored. The several illustrations, however, are varied and interesting.

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